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ELEGIAC

WRITTEN IN THE HOSPITAL ON CLOS VILL SEPTEMBY MDCCCLXVII. ABOOKOMPANYIN A WOUNDED SOLAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Here, under the twilight dews
Are softly gathering on the leaves and flowers,
I come, on pastoral deed, to mourn
For one loved name.

Hard by yon rank on rank,
Rise the sad evergreen where wildest forms
Are dark as if they only drank
The midnight cloud.

Through the thick leaves around
The low, wild rain their dirge-like music pour,
Like the far Ocean's solemn sound
On its lone shore.

From all the air a sigh
Dirge-like, yet soothful, mysteriously, will,
Comes like a mother's waiting cry
For her dear child.

Yonder a little way,
Where mounds rise thick the corpse of the sun,
There where to rest in fierce array
Sleep comrades.

The same soft breeze stirs
The tall grass waving there, and sighs and moans
Like any low-voiced lute, and murmurs
Its own sad tones.

And requiems all will grieve
Alike over Northern and the Southern dust,
And both to God's great mercy leave
Their trust.

Oh, ye and they, no less,
Will smile on the same sun, and weep the same rain,
The dark grave's couch is open
On each and same.

No marble emblems rear
Their shafts to mark each dead hero's name,
Yet will ye number here
The graves of fame.

The dead are free will rest
From the bewildered air the harrassed and,
And eternal as pure is rest and hard
To mind and heart.

No more—no more I stand,
The hero's sword by my own humble grave,
Oh, when shall right pass from the land
To dwell as brave?

Through all the upper air
May your full blood in exhilaration rise,
A ghostly chant of red despair
Its undertone.

And may the lightning flee,
Cohort in hue with your vengeful scrupulous dirt
To mean with their keen tongs of fire
Your bodies rent.

NORWOOD;

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XLIV.

RETURN FROM THE SCHOOL.

"Forward, the Army of the United States have been for some time past, and now are, opposed, and in a measure thereof compelled by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the power vested in the Marshals by law, now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and do hereby call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combination, and to cause the laws to be duly executed."

This was the answer of the people, speaking by their Government, to the acts of secession, and to the assault upon the nation's flag and fortress at Fort Sumter. Deep under lay sorra, formal and stately. But there was fire in them to kindle a flame such that all the world paused, as if a continent were on fire.

Our noblest sentiments, when assailed, never influence us more than because in them love, piety, patriotism, with reason. When touched with harm they set forth into action as instinctaneously as powder touched with the lame flame! When the day was dawned, the whole country was aside disported here and deep in the heart of the people was the sentiment of patriotism. For two generations men had been buying and selling, making and distributing, and strength and shortage of the manufactory seemed to have covered down all heroic sentiments. Long peace and exceeding prosperity had dimmed popular politics into a greedy game of policy, and great principles, no longer daimed as watchwords, sat in the capitol, like decrepit old men crooning of the golden days of youth.

The lovering of the glorious flag before the eyes of South Carolina pierced the pride and honor of that State to the quick. The ordinance of secession and was unprecedented. The morning and evening of a single day were passed in a fiery mild scale, and twenty millions of people filled with the spirit of war. Men would not tolerate argument, and trampled upon men's sensory considerations. Before, men had seemed swallowed up in material interests, and dead to high sentiments. The trumpet sounded the resurrection, and in an instant they came forth into a life of heroic sentiment, and, placing honor, duty and patriotism high above all social interests, they offered up to their country their ease, their wealth, and life itself! Passions there were, but they were auxiliaries of the moral sentiments, leading to them force and fire. For a people's war—a free, intelligent, religious people—in the bred either of a greedy student, and of mean price and abomination—it was war for the Commonwealth, and, when refined yet, a war, unparalleled in magnitude and cost, waged for the Principles on which alone commonwealths can stand! It was kindled not by the young, but by the old and sage as well. It was fed not by the normal and violent, but by women, scholars, Christians. The recruiting stations was not in the air and lofty corners, among the ignorant and reeling, nor chiefly among laboring men, but preeminently in academies and colleges, in Sabbath schools and churches. No one held himself aloof. There was a universal compulsion which moved on, and men sirors for a place in military companies as at once for honor and wealth. The whole community were moved to the core by the power of its senses. It was an enthusiasm for an abstract sentiment, for an invisible quality of patriotism—for law, for liberty, for government. This was a sublime thing! It was the spiritual government rising up in the very sources of all government!

The same scenes were at the same time occurring in the Northern States. The news fiery was the outbreak, because the people were of more demonstrative natures. Pity it is that so admirable a thing as the spirit of men and so found a low state should so interpret its nobility by the debasing conceptions of the new civilization which hinders the honest! Yet our moral disappreciation of the secret and potential causes which were at work need not without from the common power the credit of the most sincere sincerity, witnessed by offering up all that man holds dear for the cause which they had been misled to believe was the cause of liberty and of honor!

And thus it came to pass that thirty millions of men, divided into two bands, were marching each other with fierce darkness and leprosy of war. Neither part considered or cared to ponder what was before it. Like two warriors standing on the opposite banks of a swollen mountain stream, they drew up in battle array at night to find and grapple with each other in the terrible conflict of the morrow.

Toward both parties came travelling great surveys and distances, to be filled to the full future, neither of them was aught of that which it considered.

Already was descending, as in the spacious vision, the mountain of the sea—the coast into the sea of blood, and no man had heard it, nor knew its dread meaning. Like two lions, hand and fire and blood were cast up like a storm spray from its deep sensations.

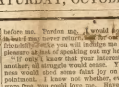
Are men less sensitive to moral sentiments than to material? Are they less moved by the invisible than by the visible? Are they less impressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the Marshals by law, now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and do hereby call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combination, and to cause the laws to be duly executed."

Norwood, by reason of its peculiar character, was a forecast of the whole country. Its people were of the best New England stock, and were regularly soaked with liquor. Yet its best men were of the best New England stock. Its settlement is a bargain, or its management of property, and its social ways were characteristic of the race of a sufferer. Her home was a New England home. Its institutions were those of its vision and honor, every one absorbing strong drink. The eldest son sergeant in Barton's company. Old Reuben died nothing better than in "season a man," as he called it.

Peter Pete had lingering about him a bewildering memory of his boyhood days, and the sight of the decanter put him into a radiant mood. A large glass was poured off, the old man sighed, and evening and wearing heavily. But Peter's instinct refused Peter's counsel against further indulgence. He knew that Barton had ordered him to bed by nine, and in the quickening of the time, and so, in spite of the sparkling of the decanter which old Reuben kept before his face, and about till it foamed, he departed. It was full time.

On his way back he thought of over so many fine things, and now over so many queer sights. At any rate, at every other step he stumbled, and laughed.

At any other time Barton would have perceived Peter's condition; but now amid the excitement which pervaded the town, he scarcely noticed his unsteadiness.



He came into the latter to Miss Rose, with whom he desired not to think to and to land in that night to Dr. Wentworth. One or two other persons, also, Rose was charged to deliver, all of which were duly placed in Pete's hat; where, also, were stowed his red cotton handkerchief, two or three snarls of different sized strings, a paper of fish hooks, and a bit of newspaper or so all. Every moment was precious if Pete was in fulfil his errands.

He gave him the letter to Miss Rose, with the other packets not to think to and to land in that night to Dr. Wentworth. One or two other persons, also, Rose was charged to deliver, all of which were duly placed in Pete's hat; where, also, were stowed his red cotton handkerchief, two or three snarls of different sized strings, a paper of fish hooks, and a bit of newspaper or so all. Every moment was precious if Pete was in fulfil his errands.

[Illegible] SARTOR'S SAYINGS [illegible]

His senses were fast reeling into obscurity; yet he had retained the impulse to go to Dr. Wentworth's after he had lost all idea of the reason for going. The doctor was called after his late visit to Barton, and he was in the act of giving and shuffling, made a distinctness to give the letter to Miss Rose.

The doctor read:

"At the last moment, I have got me a few things, as you suggested, at Wentworth's. Please settle the bill."

"What's all this? This must be for Barton's father. I'll give it to him to-morrow. But, good God, how better he Pete lie down in the out-room."

What became of Barton's letter to Rose and never certainly known. Pete was up before daylight the next morning, trying to get some coffee, and he had not kindled a kitchen fire, letting the sparks of paper in his hat to set it off. Rose, certain of the fact, had done never received it, and wondered and grieved that Barton should go off and not have sent a word, without a word of farewell.

Rose was not disturbed by her departure, came Rose home. Her brother was gone, and she had only Miss Hinkle a few squares of him in Benson, not dreaming that he was in the city.

Mr. Barton call to say good-bye.

He was not busy. We all went out to see him off, and stood hands with him at the door. I never saw him so radiant. He stood evidently the first man among men in that hour. And his military dress was wonderfully becoming. Really I quite fell in love with him."

Rose was silent for a time, and then, with enforced naturalness, asked:

"Did you say that Benton talk any word for me?"

"Nothing that I heard of. There was only half a day to summon his company, and got ready to go. Your father was in excellent spirits. He looked like a man among these tan-faced boys. You know that his complexion generally is beautiful, and his chestnut hair curled out from his military cap gracefully. He was magnificent."

Rose sat silent, buried in thought. Early she gained the fatigue of journeying and retired. It was indeed somewhat late in the evening, for course you till you yield, and then completely to sleep. It was with Rose.

There are many kinds of wakefulness. In the first hour of danger the mind is awake, and neon may have a useful end. One may wake to the whole night in consequence of excitement. All distractions are gone. The mind is left alone with its own senses. They rove. All the vital force is concentrated in the nervous system, and the nervousness, especially following early sleep, and just preceding the dawn, is exceedingly painful. Sometimes things obscene and disgusting, or things grotesque, and things horrible most involved.

There may be a consciousness of pleasurable sensation. And sometimes this is an emotion of joy, and something to burst or flow forth, who has never lain awake with joy. One then has a sense of exhilaration, as in intoxication of joy. Pure, continuous delight flows from every nerve, and runs every locally.

But there is an excitement of half-born feelings of unconscious fancies, where thoughts begin, and vanish, where feelings start with-out developing into definite forms, where the whole mind is played over by the checkered light and shade of things illusory and imaginative; when, as it were out of the air, the spectres of cowardly emotions cast pale shadows upon the sensitive brain, which vanish when you would inspect them, and return the moment you cease to analyze them. How welcome is the first morning after such a night of spirit wakefulness! How good and pleasant is it to come again in things that may be touched, to the door, to the things it lays upon, to the song of birds, and to the commonplaces of friends! Good as this last excitement is after one night, what must that be after many nights!

CHAPTER XLV.

NIGHT VISITS.

The most striking thing in camp life to Barton was the facility shown by his men in adapting themselves to entirely new circumstances. It was a complete revolution in their modes of life. Many of his men were accustomed to all the refinements of wealth, and all of them had been reared in abundance. There were fifteen gentlemen of leisure, and five undergraduates. There were, besides, several students of medicine and of law, and five men who were in commercial business. The others were intelligent mechanics, machinists, factory men, young men from the farm, and from coal mines and peculiar class, in New England, who may be called burgeois-mechanics—men, without a regular business, are energetic and enterprising in a thousand inexplicable ways, now dealing in cattle, or buying up in autumn whatever line or produce promises to advance in market in winter, in the movable merchandise, the variety of trade. With one accord they fell into the proprieties of their new life, and in a few days, like a well-oiled machine, everything began to move smoothly. By the last of the month of the regiment to which they belonged was dispatched to Washington. Young Arthur Wentworth had been elected second lieutenant. He was one of the rare cases in which a robust virility exists in connection with an almost effeminate grace and delicacy of organization. His curling hair was of a rich, chestnut color, his complexion almost of dazzling whiteness, with a cheek suffused with carmine, blue eyes, flaxen eye-brows and lashes for adding to the delicate expression, but which from youth were sluggish and exquisites. So much beauty would be indeed a misfortune to a man who has not a manly force to lift it clear above effeminacy. That force Arthur Wentworth had. Rose was quicker of foot in all robust games. He had practised athletic exercises, and could excel all his fellows. He could run fast, leap farther, climb with more agility, and wrestle well. He was a leader on the social grounds of sport and sweep in the command of his companions and of men. He had been trained to be a soldier. He could not have been more faithful, study with more diligence, or become a universal favorite from his modest fidelity and unassuming manners. He was the beautiful girls which he displayed in the social life of the camp.

To his sister Rose, some months later, he wrote:

"WARRINGTON, July 14, 1861.

"Ah, Rose, you would like to see me, I doubt, if that is forbidden, come as a fairy moonbeam, or even as a fairy, and hover about us and do it! It was the light that flashes upon our cold steel—a fairy that is the moonlight that dances at dusk. Camp-life, the march, the drill, is a perpetual dream. I write here in the midst of groups are each morning. My enjoyment reminds me of Madame Roland's favorite expression, I enjoy. "My marrow are new every morning and fresh every evening." Every day, every night is a wonder. There was a Barton Cathcart, you will remember. He had been in the Mexican war. Cathcart and our Captain Cathcart are the name. No one can be compared, my dear, to a woman to be the blossom! Our Cathcart is your Barton developed. He tells me wonderful stories of his wife gone home, it is feared to die, Cathcart is all major. His commission is not yet received, but the officers come to him on military questions. He is always letting out something new to me. He always letting out something new to me. He is always letting out something new to me. He is always letting out something new to me. He is

there is no calculation possible. Every thing is contingent. They may fight or run away—who knows? We may stand up well, or a panic may seize our raw troops.'

"'Why don't you say so to McDowell?'

"'There is no need. He already has exhausted his influence to prevent precipitation. But there is such a clamor for an advance that we shall have to go. Politicians, and editors, and red-faced patriots have it all their own way, and old military men are the only men without controlling influence in this camp.'

"But I have a presentiment of victory; and I told Barton so. He laughed, and looked proudly at me, and said:

"'Men with chestnut hair, blue eyes, and sanguine temperament are apt to have hopeful presentiments.'

"The signs of a movement increase. I shall write again as soon as it is over. ARTHUR."

On the 21st of July was fought the battle of Bull Run,—a most victorious defeat. It ended all over-confidence in the North. It inspired the South with such vain-glorious confidence that they failed to put forth that power for a year or more, which it had, and then it was too late. It ended all lingering ideas of peace. It ended all further notions of a union party in the South; for, after that battle, those in the South who had held aloof, hoping a peaceful settlement, were swept by the current, and obliged to accept the new government as existing *de facto*, whatever opinions they yet cherished of it *de jure*. It cast the most profound gloom upon the loyal States—a night of shame and sorrow. But out of that night there arose a morning of Purpose such as had not dawned before! There was to be a long and thorough war, and preparation must be broad and thorough! The whole after fruit of this defeat upon the North was bitter to the palate, but wholesome to the people and salutary to the government.

The battle had begun auspiciously in the morning. McDowell's right wing, crossing Bull Run at Sudley Spring, unperceived and unresisted, had swept down upon the Confederate left, and after various conflicts had driven them step by step back across Young's Branch, across the Warrenton turnpike, and were assailing the centre upon the heights where Beauregard had concentrated his reserves and was making a last stand. But then, between three and four o'clock, one standing at a little distance might have seen the beginnings of one of the most terrible spectacles in war—an army in a panic! For, at this time came in upon the Union right and rear Johnston's forces, just arrived from the Shenandoah Valley. Wearied by long conflict, spent with heat, famished and parched, the raw Northern troops gave way, as the leaves of a forest scatter when October winds, on wet days, drive through the forests. At every moment the confusion increased. Men already broken up in organization streamed tumultuously back toward Bull Run. The contagion spread. Fright grew wild. Men rushed over each other, across all obstacles, stumbling, leaping, with wildest terror; muskets were thrown away—knapsacks had long ago been cast aside—and thousands were madly crowding toward the stone bridge. Others sought the ford, and still others, waiting neither for bridge or ford, splashed into the stream to swim across. In vain did a few fragments, cohering, essay to stop the wild flight. They availed nothing, and were themselves entangled and swept away. A handful of regulars evinced the power of discipline, and, without attempting the hopeless task of holding back the rout, sought only to check pursuit until the fugitives could cross the stream. Once across Bull Run, there was hope of some safety. No; confusion grew to a more desperate uproar as the tangled masses receded from the battle field. A few cannon shot thrown across from the Confederate batteries had fallen among the wagons, and the whole corps of teamsters caught the mad infection. They turned and rushed away, many abandoning all at once. Some cut their traces and rode off upon the team horses. Many got their wagons about; but, tangled in the crowd of fugitives, the uproar growing louder and the flight becoming more desperate, wagon locked with wagon, the road became jammed; their wagons coming on, upset the wagons on the road-side but only to clear a way for a repetition of like scenes. Crowds of citizens, Members of Congress, women and children had come out as to a festive scene, and were caught in the crowd, and went roaring on in the desperate struggle of fright.

The regiment to which Barton belonged had done good service, and had suffered severely. Many of his own company had fallen. But his men were conspicuous for steadiness. By two o'clock the colonel and lieutenant-colonel had been wounded, and the command devolved upon Major Cathcart. When the rout began, he was able to hold his men, and with incredible efforts, to form a sort of rearguard. But his already diminished regiment melted fast. His own Norwood company were firm. But they were only a handful, and the first determined onset of the pursuing enemy scattered them. Then it was that Barton, untired, aroused and glowing, sought no longer how to stay his men, but only how to promote their escape. In all the battle, he had scarcely lost sight of Arthur Wentworth, and now he was convoying him as best he might toward the bridge. Suddenly from his right there swept around a detachment of Confederates that poured their fire upon the spot where Barton stood, and with loud yells rushing in upon them separated Barton from his men, and swept him away a prisoner.

A shot struck Arthur in the neck. He plunged forward. Sergeant Belden, and two others of his townsmen, caught him and drew him aside, and by singular address, after exceeding exertions, conveyed him across the stream. At Centerville Arthur was placed in an ambulance, and lay as if asleep. Through that sweet moonlight his few men travelled all night—the heavens so pure and calm, the earth so noisy and ramping—and reached Washington in the gray of the morning. Arthur called for no water. He seemed unconscious of pain. He *was* unconscious, and never suffered more! And so, as a bird flies up out of a storm-shaken forest and seeks more peaceful places, his spirit had lifted itself higher than battle and above its stroke or sound!

Will Belden it was that said, "Arthur, do you suffer much?" and hearing no answer, he laid his hand upon him as to awake one asleep.

He touched his face and drew back in awe and silence!

No blood had issued from his wound, near the base of the brain, and his face was not ghastly, but seemed, in the early twilight, as the face of one who sleeps and dreams pleasantly, so sweet was the expression that had spread over it.

That day the telegraph sped the tidings to Norwood. The message boy handed the dispatch to Agate, saying, as he delivered it—"Arthur is dead."

Agate stood motionless, without voice, white as alabaster. Hearing the voices, Mrs. Wentworth had come into the hall, and in an eager way said:

"What is it, Agate? Speak!"

"Arthur—is—dead!" said Agate, slowly—solemnly—sternly.

Mrs. Wentworth sat down upon a bench and looked at Agate imploringly, as if she had suffered wrong at her hands, and could not understand why.

"Dead?—dead, Agate? Who's dead?"

"Arthur Wentworth is dead!"

"Arthur—Wentworth—dead? How is he dead? Tell me, Agate,—what do you mean? Why did he die? Dead? dead? did you say?"

Agate caught her falling, fainting form, and summoning help, bore her to her room. Then Agate, unshaken as if her heart had no pang, with a head as clear as if no tidings had rolled darkness over the family, made every arrangement for the household. She ordered for the children what their daily needs required; she had made every arrangement for Dr. Wentworth to go to Washington long before he came in to tea; she ministered to the darkened room; and all quietly, never mistaking, or confusedly giving an order twice, but in the stillness of severe self-possession.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CONSOLATION.

It was the morning of Sunday, July 28, 1861. Even for that month the morning was singularly glorious. The wind set from the north-west when it breathed at all, and brought the fresh savor of thunder-storms which had played solemn music through the night.

The air was cool. Its moisture gave to the light a peculiar and almost palpitating tenderness. Old Holyoke looked over upon Norwood with unwonted beauty, and the jagged peaks that rose eastward, bathed in that flame which never consumes, seemed this morning almost human in their sympathy. So thought Dr. Wentworth, who before sunrise walked with God in his garden. Look far around! On every side the earth glows with marvellous beauty. *The Lord is in his Holy Temple*, he said, in low tones, to himself. He could not well add, *Let all the Earth keep silence;* for, out of every tree and bush, from the orchard, from the tops of the elms, from the meadows and fields there went up such an ecstacy of bird songs that it was hardly possible to distinguish the separate songs, each bird, as it were, eagerly casting his notes into a medley chorus of sweet sounds, tangled together and jarring against each other in a pleasing dissonance.

Dr. Wentworth was intensely calm. It was the calmness of every faculty, keenly alive but in equipoise. The effort of self-restraint had imparted a slight trace of sternness, but it was a mere enamel upon tenderness. He walked quietly from one part to another, sometimes looking upon flowers, and then, while he was yet looking, he would fall into a reverie. He stooped and plucked a handful of leaves and blossoms, saying, in a half-whisper and in broken sentences, as if reciting in part, and thinking the rest, "He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down: he fleeth also a shadow and continueth not;" and then, pausing, he added aloud, with inexpressible sadness, "The eye of him that hath seen him shall see him no more. As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more, neither shall his place know him any more."

He laid down the flowers, of which his hand was over full, and forgetting them in a moment, he began plucking others, murmuring, as if to the shrubs, "He hath set darkness in my path, He hath stripped me of my glory and taken the crown from my head, and my hope hath he removed like a tree."

He laid down a fresh clump of gathered flowers, and in a gentle, aimless way, straightened out some of the spray and tangled vine work, as if he were putting little children to bed, meanwhile, hardly above his breath, reciting:

"O, the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldst thou be as a stranger in the land? Why shouldst thou be as a man astonished, as a mighty man that cannot save? Yet thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we are called by thy name. Leave us not!"

His thoughts had reached their saddest when he broke forth into that most utterly hopeless of all the utterances of old: "Are not my days few? cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return, to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness!" From the gloom of these words his soul after a little seemed to rebound, and clear itself, and his thoughts forsook the inexpressible sadness of the olden day, of which the Old Testament is so full and wailing, and, without uttering them, he repeated in his mind that passage in Hebrews that is like a sunrise: "But ye are come unto Mount Zion and into the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels,"—and the rest.

He walked on, seemingly forgetful of his flowers and looking forth and upward upon the wide arch above full of morning sunlight, he leaned against the summer-house door, long looking up:

"Therefore they are before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

As he stood half chanting in a low voice these words, Rose approached him, but stood silent. After a little, she quietly moved past her father and came into the summer-house from the other side. The sight of Rose seemed to open in her father's soul a flood of tender memories. He trembled, and all at once giving over restraint, "he lifted up his voice and wept." There is something terrible in the uncontrolled weeping of a strong man! Rose was appalled. She had never seen her father weep—she had never seen him lose his self-possession.

When he first learned the fatal tidings of Arthur's death, he only said: "I gave him to the Lord, and He has taken him."

All the way to Washington, and during the night and day of his ride homeward, convoying the beautiful sleeper, he had, though silent and deeply thoughtful, shed no tears. But this tension could not last. He was again at home. The Sabbath had come. The boy was lying in the house, his sword wreathed in green oak leaves upon his coffin. The singular charm of the morning, the strain of thought in which his mind had run, all had led him to that point where it needed but some touch to bring tears. So a shrub, gathering dew through the night, carries all its leaves edged with drops, losing none, until some gentle wind shakes it, and then, all at once rains down a shower from every branch.

It was while her father was gone to Washington that Rose had tasted the dregs of the cup of grief. But, after a night of suffering and conflict, she came forth strengthened, and from that moment she walked as one who saw the Invisible, in the presence of whom all the earth is as a shadow, and its noises as silence, and its sorrows, like the sighs of childhood, soon hushed in sleep and forgetfulness! She had formed her purposes, and from that hour without a moment's wavering she devoted her whole soul to her new calling.

She waited calmly by her father, tears freely falling down her cheeks, but only in sympathy. The tumult and paroxysm of his grief soon passed, and her father, relieved by this long-needed outburst, came after a little to a peace not to be disturbed. Father and daughter communed together of the dead. He spoke of his hopes, his ambition, his joy and affection for his oldest-born son.

"If he could have been spared to render something more of service to the cause, I could have more willingly yielded him. But to be cut off so early, his powers not put to proof, with so little fruit ripened, and in the hour of defeat——"

"Father," said Rose, "there is other work to be done in this great hour of God's coming besides that which is done in the field. It has been shown me that thousands are to mourn; the first-born of many families are to be slain. Only sons are to be taken away. Every household in this land is to be pierced. God is beginning at his own house and among those he loves. It is fit that you who have stood foremost in this community should lead, and in this great day of suffering set the example of sacrifice and consecration. What is there worth living for, and even more worth dying for, if it be not our own country?"

"My daughter, you speak eagerly, enthusiastically. You are excited by what you have passed through."

"I was excited; but, father, I am calm now, and I shall be to the end——"

Then hesitating, as if uncertain whether to go on, she said, at length:

"Father, while you were gone after Arthur, and mother was overwhelmed in such distress, and my own heart seemed giving way, I thought that I could not bear up and sustain myself. For two days, the darkness was dreadful. At length, I could struggle no more. I had slept none for two nights. Mother was sleeping by means of opiates. I went to my room. My thoughts turned to the Saviour. His sufferings for men seemed to rise to my mind. I implored His help. I read the scenes in Bethany, where Lazarus was sick; while the Saviour, though knowing it, delayed to come; and the sisters' anguish at their brother's death! When I came to their reproach, 'Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died!' I felt as if I were myself speaking. Then there came to me a sense of the tenderness of Jesus toward them, of His deep sorrow and sympathy with them, such as I had not before ever perceived. In this mood I was struck with His declaration that all this suffering was permitted for the sake of spiritual good, which they did not understand, nor He explain. In some way, that very not explaining seemed to convey to my mind a sense of the wonderful nature of spiritual life, which lay so far above human experience or language that the Saviour made no effort whatever to expound it. My heart yielded. I rested on Christ as a little child."

Rose paused for a moment, and then resumed:

"Father, what I am going to say you will understand better than I. I do not pretend that it was real. But it produced an impression upon my soul which has not changed. Nor do I desire to shake it off."

"What was it, Rose? tell me all."

"I laid down upon the bed, and was asleep. How long I had been asleep I cannot tell. I heard Arthur calling to me, 'Rose! Rose!' I opened my eyes—Arthur was there, though I saw nothing of him, but as it were the print of his face in the air. As I looked, the room disappeared, and I seemed to be in the air. Before me I saw unfolded in the sky lurid clouds connected and rising in a procession, one above another, and each cloud was made up of battling men, and of a mixed multitude of wounded and dying, and each successive cloud advancing grew larger than the other. I saw flashes of lightning run through them, but heard no sound, though I listened."

Rose paused again, and looked at her father. Had she seen the slightest smile of incredulity, she would have said no more; but Dr. Wentworth was deeply intent.

"My daughter, go on. If there is more, let me hear the whole."

"I saw myself, and you, and others. We moved up and down, relieving the wounded and suffering. Thus far I had not noticed anything but these lurid clouds, which formed, as it were, steps one above the other. But presently I was moved to look beyond, and I saw what was to the cloud what the second rainbow is to the primary. It was an answering picture, or, as it seemed to my thought, a spiritual translation of the meaning of the cloud scene. I cannot describe it. There was rest, and friendliness, and peace, and gladness, and purity, and joy,—how shall I say?—there were no figures to my senses, and yet my spirit discerned these representations as clearly as my senses did the other. As I looked, Arthur came again, and all around us there seemed to be an ineffable peace, and his love seemed to fill the air all about us with rosy light, as if it had been a radiancy of some burning lamp. I was inexpressibly happy, and Arthur was about to tell me something, saying, in a significant way, 'Rose! Rose!'——when Agate stood by my bedside, and the morning was advanced, and my vision was all gone. Now, I know what you will say, father, and I do not doubt that I dreamed; but what I think remarkable is, that my whole feeling is changed. I have not had a ripple of trouble since. There is to be great trouble in the land—battles and multitudes of slain and wounded. I am to devote myself to this service, and care for the sick and wounded. I am no longer agitated. I know what that peace is which passes all understanding."

They were here summoned to breakfast, and all the family seemed to have felt that morning that the Sabbath sun had arisen upon them with healing in its wings.

"Shall I wind the clock to-day?" asked Agate Bissell of the doctor.

"No, Agate, not to-day. Both ceased to keep time together. Let them stand silent for another day."

It seems that for the first and only time in her life, on that Sabbath day on which the battle of Bull Run was fought, the great black clock in the hall had been forgotten and had run down. Agate, whose last duty on Saturday night before going to bed was to wind up the clock, had for some unaccountable reason neglected it. The clock, however, had a little time stored up in it for such occasions, and kept on through the night. It was still at its duty in the morning of Sunday, for Agate remembered looking at it and hurrying up the children for Sunday School. It was some time after noon that its courage began to fail. The ticks had lost their plump sound and grew faint. The right hand swing could hardly be heard, though the left hand was yet decisive. Then it missed the right hand tick altogether, and then the left; and then in silent vibration the pendulum, with diminishing arc, swung on for a moment, and halted. On returning from afternoon service it was discovered. But the doctor said:

"Do not wind it. To-morrow we will have it examined."

Afterward Agate superstitiously believed that it stopped with the speeding of that ball which struck Arthur. And Doctor Wentworth would not, on this funeral day, allow it to be set agoing.

"Let it be for to-day. They ceased to keep time together. Let both be silent together."

With this day ended all struggle. It was the day of life from the dead. It was the Lord's day,—pledge of resurrection and immortality. Bent down and obscured by the physical shock and aspects of death, father and mother had at first spoken of their child as dead, as early lost. But now came brighter and brighter every hour the certainty of his living. Their thoughts went upward, along that very path by which the ascending Saviour moved; and their faith sought the child among the everliving and the forever joyful, where sorrow and sighing has passed away!

And when the day was ended, and the thousands who had thronged Norwood to follow this young martyr to the grave had dispersed, and the sun was gone down, and twilight softened the landscape, no one unaccustomed to Christian faith could have believed that the happy household which gathered that night, calm, tender, cheerful, had that day parted from the form of one so loved as was this early victim of war.

*"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut, * * came Jesus and stood in the midst and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."*

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

EVA MORRIS'S FORTUNES.

BY M. MARCELLINA BEATTIE.

It was the first time I had gone out since my little Minnie's death.

I had ordered John to drive to Jackson's, as I wished to select some articles of mourning.

We were returning with my purchases, when our progress through Broadway was checked by a volunteer company proceeding on an excursion.

The lively notes of the band struck painfully on my nerves, weakened by watching and grief, and, leaning from the window, I desired John to turn off through a side street. He had just drawn the reins, in obedience to my direction, when a shrill scream rose high above the din of fife and bugle; and, at the same time, I felt our spirited horses rear and plunge, as they were pulled violently back.

As soon as they were brought to a stand, the carriage was surrounded by a curious and excited throng, and something before it was lifted gently from the ground.

It was a child—a little girl,—who seemed to be insensible, and was bleeding profusely from a frightful gash in the forehead.

"Poor little thing!" said John, "she ran before the horses so quickly that I had not time to save her from being knocked down. I could only just pull up before the wheels went over her."

She was borne across the street to a druggist's. It was found that her injuries were of a serious character.

We were quickly told that she was the only child of a poor widow who lived a few streets off, and whose name was Morris.

The requisite surgical aid having been rendered, I requested that she should be placed in my carriage.

My heart ached for the patient little sufferer, and for the mother whom the shock of the calamity had yet to reach. Already the child had won a place in my heart. I even fancied I could trace in its pale, thin face a likeness to the darling I had lost.

At length we found the dwelling of which we were in search.

It was among the poorest in a poor neighborhood.

Leaving the child in the carriage, I entered the house alone, with the intention of imparting the painful news gradually to the mother.

But it had reached her already, doubtless in an exaggerated form; for I found her in an agony of grief, uttering frantic cries, and struggling with the sympathizing neighbors who restrained her from rushing into the street.

She turned eagerly towards me as I approached her with the assurance that her child was not killed—probably not dangerously injured. Then, advancing to the window, I signalled for the little girl to be brought in.

The presence of her child at once restored the afflicted woman to comparative calmness. After examining her injuries, and receiving her feebly-whispered assurance that she "did not feel so bad now," Mrs. Morris, in a manner and phrase far superior to her surroundings, thanked me warmly for the assistance I had rendered.

I disclaimed all title to her gratitude, and told her I should consider it merely my duty to afford all needed aid until the helpless being I had undesignedly been the means of injuring should be fully recovered.

Returning home, I forthwith gathered such things as they seemed most to need, adding some delicacies for the child, and sent them to Mrs. Morris.

Feeling a strong interest in the couple, I resolved to visit them daily while the little girl required attention.

On my second visit, I had time to observe the mother more closely.

That she had once been in different circumstances was evident, for her language and bearing were marked by an unmistakable air of refinement. Everything about her humble apartment betokened habits of order and even elegance of taste.

Her needle, she informed me, was her only means of support, and the pittance thus earned, at the best of times, was scanty indeed.

That her health was rapidly failing under the pressure of privation, confinement, and unremitting exertion, no experienced eye was needed to discern.

My curiosity and compassion were equally aroused; but her reserve on the subject of her early history was impenetrable, and I soon desisted from inquiries which resulted only in giving pain to their object.

Many weeks elapsed before Eva was able to sit up; and then Mrs. Morris, worn out by anxiety and watchfulness, was prostrated by a nervous fever.

My interest in them had by this time so far increased, that I determined, if my husband was willing, on taking them into our own home.

Edward, who was rejoiced that the state of apathy into which, after Minnie's death, I seemed in danger of falling, could in any way be dispelled, readily assented.

Accordingly, as soon as they could be removed with safety, my protégés were established in a pleasant, airy chamber on the same floor with my own.

Mrs. Morris's case had long been beyond hope of recovery. In spite of the most skilful attendance, she now began to sink rapidly.

Little Eva, on the other hand, soon fully regained her strength, and became the pet and plaything of the household—almost filling the place of those who had been taken from us.

She was a golden-haired little fairy, with a disposition so joyous, and manners so sportive and engaging, that Edward always called her his "little sunbeam."

There was something in the depths of her blue and liquid eyes that often, in moments of reverie, carried me back to the days of my own happy childhood.

Then, looking through the dim and checkered vista of by-gone years, I saw once more our dear old Connecticut home, my fond mother, and much older father.

Then, too, arose the vision of a little beaming face, with Eva's large blue eyes, and Eva's wavy, silken tresses, the face of Evangeline, my sweet sister.

Both father and mother were lying in the village churchyard when I was scarcely ten, and before my sister had reached her fifth year.

Then the old homestead was sold, and a wealthy lady, accidentally attracted by Evangeline's exceeding beauty, adopted her, and took her immediately to India; while I was consigned to the care of our only near relative.

Only twice had we since heard from Evangeline.

I had been well cared for, and united to one of wealth and high station. Since my marriage I had vainly endeavored to trace out the whereabouts of my sister.

It seemed that her adopted mother had died shortly after their arrival in India; but of my sister's subsequent history nothing whatever could be ascertained.

One night, while Mrs. Morris's end was rapidly approaching, I was sitting by her bedside, when she called for Eva, and, drawing her to her bosom, kissed her several times; then, grasping my hand, earnestly prayed me, as I valued the memory of my own offspring, to watch over the welfare of the child she was about to leave to me.

Then, producing a written paper, she gave it to me, with the request that I would read it and preserve it for Eva.

As I bent over her with a murmured promise faithfully to observe her injunctions, the pressure of her hand suddenly relaxed, her eyes brightened, and her lips parted in ecstacy, as if some angelic vision was passing before her; then a cold shadow stole over the illumined features, a momentary contortion succeeded, and Eva was motherless.

After the modest funeral rites had been performed, and my first emotions of sorrow had been somewhat allayed, I proceeded to examine the manuscript.

It proved to contain an outline of Mrs. Morris's history, and ran nearly as follows:

"My earliest recollections are of a quiet country home, of father and mother, and of a little girl, some years older than myself, who called me sister. But this seems scarcely more than a dream; for I remember that a tall, beautiful lady took me a long way across the water to a strange country. She was very kind to me and taught me to call her 'mother.'

"I had a black nurse to dress and take care of me.

"One day I thought that mother lay asleep. They told me I must be very quiet. They dressed her in white, and put flowers on her head and in her hands, and then they took her away.

"I cried for my pretty mamma, but she never came back.

"Then I was sent to live where there were many little girls like myself, and where a kind lady taught us our ABC out of pretty picture-books.

"When I had stayed here long enough to be able to read, my papa came and took me home for a few days. But I missed my mamma more than ever, and was glad to return. Not long afterwards I was sent to a first-class boarding-school.

"While there, just as I had completed my sixteenth year, I was summoned one day into the parlor. The principal awaited me, holding an open letter, edged with black. Very gently she informed me of the sudden death of him, who, as I then first learned, was my father only by adoption.

"By his will I was liberally provided for, and, as I had no desire to remain in the house made lonely by his death, I returned to school soon after the funeral. His heirs were dissatisfied with the disposition of his property, and they succeeded, after prolonged litigation, in setting aside the will.

"Of course, I lost all that was designed for me, and was thrown on the world without resources, except in the education I had received. At the advice of my excellent teacher, and with the aid of her recommendation, I procured a situation as governess.

"My pupils were two lovely little girls, and by their parents I was received as an equal into the family circle and treated with the utmost kindness.

"It was here that I met Dudley Morris, and learned to love him. He was a distant relative of the family I resided with; not wealthy, but possessing sufficient for our comfortable support. We were married, and for more than a year our mutual happiness was undisturbed.

"When my Eva was a few months old, Dudley was summoned by his business on a voyage to New York. As his stay was likely to be prolonged, and as I much desired, chiefly for Eva's sake, to revisit my native land, it was decided that we should accompany him.

"The tedious voyage was nearly at an end, when, in the middle of the night, the vessel was discovered to be on fire in the hold. Our cargo consisted chiefly of highly combustible materials, and all efforts to check the progress of the flames were useless.

"Fortunately, we were sighted by a steamer, which came to our rescue just as we were taking to our boats. With the child, I was among the first to leave the burning vessel; and from the steamer's deck I could see Dudley helping some of the crew to lower the last frightened group of passengers into the boat.

"They had been placed in safety, and my gallant husband, waving his hat towards us, was preparing to follow with his companions, when a terrific explosion scattered high in air the masts and timbers of the deck they stood on. When the blazing fragments had descended, not a living thing was left on that charred and naked hull, and I and my forlorn babe had lost our only earthly protector! Then I seemed to pass long years in a fiery prison, beset with images of delirious horror; but I remember nothing clearly, until I awoke to consciousness in a New York hospital.

"Recovered, after a tedious convalescence, and being without the means of returning to my far distant friends, I endeavored to gain, by teaching, a support for myself and little Eva, now doubly dear to me.

"But her tender age was an impediment. I was wholly without acquaintances or recommendations, and, at length, was compelled to abandon the search for pupils and try to eke out a livelihood by my needle.

"The struggle has been hard; but I feel that my Heavenly Father has been with me through it all, and that he will support me even to the end, which is not far distant. Now that He has also raised up a protector for my Eva, gladly shall I go to join Dudley in realms where parting is unknown."

The story was ended. What feelings had been mine while perusing it! Evangeline, my loved and long-lost sister, and the mother of my darling Eva, were the same!

It seemed as if I could now account for the strong attraction which, from the first, had drawn me towards that pale and uncomplaining sufferer.

Would that she had earlier chosen to confide in me; but, at least, thank Heaven! even in my ignorance I had been led to tend her to the last with a care hardly less solicitous than would have followed on immediate recognition. I allowed Eva to call me mother till years had passed, and then, one evening, while her head rested on my bosom, I read to her the above narrative, adding what I have already told the reader.

But Eva always continued to address me by the same endearing title; and, though no child of my own was again vouchsafed to me, I was content in her affection, and I still remain so!

—The more haste a man makes to unravel a skein of thread, the more he entangles it.

PARIS EXPOSITION AWARDS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Golden medals, Honor's crosses,
Shining proudly on each breast,
Giving lasting, brilliant justice
To the genius of the West.

Not alone the wealth that follows
From that verdict o'er the sea,
Shall be ours, but the splendor
That from laurelled Mind must be.

What are all material triumphs
But the basis for the pile
Reared by Learning, Art and Wisdom,
In the light of Heaven's smile?

Then, let these make newer effort;
On that basis stronger tower,
Spirit-life in every bosom,
Millions thrilling with its power.

Yes, the whole majestic Nation,
Ever pressing to that goal
Where the earth has coronation
In pure, deathless, god-like *soul!*

ELLINWOOD'S TRAGEDY;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE GREAT HOUSE

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

One morning Ellinwood woke up, and according to immemorial custom, cast its first glance at its great house. It, or its inhabitants, expected to see nothing. They never had, but they did now. Smokes, thick and black, were pouring from its chimneys. Some exclaimed that the building was on fire, and strove to raise a panic. Others said, "Pshaw! somebody has moved in," and stilled the panic by a sneer. The quiet opposition gained the day. No flames burst out; no excitement ensued. By night, Ellinwood became reconciled to the smokes and the presence of unknown neighbors.

In a week, all knew that the Seymour place had been rented by a Mrs. Dee. Her servants had told her name; but they either did not know, or did not choose to tell more. A few tried to find out, talked and thought and failed.

Ellinwood and Ellinwood people were not very different from other places and people. Country villages in the State of—well, we are not going to say *what* State—are all much alike at a certain stage of growth. They grow smart at the proper time, but that time had not arrived to Ellinwood.

The fact was, it had stopped growing some years previous to the date of our story—just at the time the Seymour family, with all their show, and fuss, and patronage, had deserted the place and shut up their handsome house. All the brisk new mechanics and shopkeepers had at once foreseen the downfall of Ellinwood, and followed in their track.

Nobody quite knew who the Seymours were, whence they came, whither they went. Ellinwood had never had any great people before them, nor any since; and it was all like a vision, the handsome great house and ornamented grounds—gradually going to ruin—alone remaining as a token that the Seymours had ever been.

And so years of time had passed. The people of Ellinwood had not quite forgotten the Seymours, who, to be sure, had never associated with them much; but they had never ceased to feel great interest and pride in the handsome, stately house, and to cast upon it, by habit, their first admiring morning glance.

This was what they did on the morning in question, and were rewarded by the sight of Mrs. Dee's smokes, the bustle of servants, and the litter of straw and packing boxes being emptied in the yard.

But in a few days these were gone, and the Dees had been accepted as quietly as they came; and Ellinwood waited to see how the new comers regarded their neighbors, too wise by the result of former experiences to make unwelcome advances.

There were Mrs. Dee, a pleasant, matronly lady of forty, a son of sixteen, and three younger daughters, a tutor for the son, a governess for the young ladies. And there was an army of servants—butler, housekeeper, with all their understrappers; a finical lady's maid, nursery maids and housemaids; footmen, gardeners, and I know not what dignitaries of the household, who, being finely clad, Ellinwood was at a loss whether to place in the category of gentlefolk or no.

One thing was certain: of Mrs. Dee they were to know nothing but her name, for she mingled with them not at all, and her household were singularly reticent of information or gossip about her former life.

There was no room for blame or faultfinding. She was dignified, but courteous; never haughty or overbearing. Nevertheless, there was a barrier the most curious and least sensitive could not overstep, and Ellinwood let Mrs. Dee alone. She became free from question, and, to a great extent, from remark.

She was good to the poor; kind to those who needed kindness; benevolent, charitable, thoughtful, wherever those characteristics were needed. Many a poor artisan, struggling widow, helpless widow, aspiring youth of small means, suddenly found wants supplied and desires rendered attainable, they hardly guessed how. But at last Ellinwood came to connect every silent good deed of this kind with the name of Mrs. Dee. It recognized her as a sort of local providence, fortunately placed there for its benefit; and then, after a time, it forgot its prejudices, neglected to speak spitefully of its best friend, because she did not choose to tell what it had no special right to know, and received kindness with gratitude, even if coming from a stranger hand.

And thus years, quiet, if not happy, moved on. When Mrs. Dee first came to Ellinwood, her face often wore a cloud, as of sorrow, and her form was somewhat attenuated, as by sickness or trouble; but as the years passed, the placid expression which seemed habitual to her returned, and the outline of her figure developed almost to robustness. Her children grew and throve. Her son had entered manhood. The days of the tutor had passed, and he had undertaken the tour of Europe. The oldest daughter was about to be married; at least the villagers so surmised, for a young gentleman, said to be a resident of a distant city, had been seen often at Mrs. Dee's, and in lover-like attendance upon Miss Eustatia.

Outwardly all was happiness and prosperity in that beautiful home. Ere this Ellinwood had acknowledged Mrs. Dee as its own—had become to feel the interest of habit and of gratitude in her. Her life had been beautiful in its sight. She was the great lady of the place, its benefactress and its friend. If not its intimate personal acquaintance, she still had claims more than enough upon its good words and deeds. It had forgotten suspicion and envy. Even curiosity had died into silence.

And then into the dead calm which slept over the quiet village a terrible thunderbolt fell. Ellinwood awoke to a quiet morn, which closed in a tumultuous eve of excitement, horror, and mystery.

Mrs. Dee had been murdered in her room the past night. No noise had been heard, no sign of the entrance of strangers had been noted; but there, in that quiet nook, that centre of household joys, the "mother's room," lay the fair placid woman, dead from a deep wound in the neighborhood of the heart. The weapon which had inflicted it, a curious knife which had often been seen in her hands, still remained in it. There were no evidences of a struggle. She seemed to have been stabbed in her sleep, and even the placid smile of repose had not faded from her face.

This was the first tidings which met newly awakened Ellinwood. Troops of villagers soon surrounded the house. An adventurous few even gained admittance to the apartment in which the crime had been committed. The house and grounds were in the keeping of the authorities, and traces of the murderer were closely sought.

Nothing was found. At night Ellinwood congratulated itself that the assassin had been arrested. Miss Jewell, the governess of the little daughters of Mrs. Dee, was in the hands of the authorities.

No one doubted her connection with the crime. True, there was not an item of proof. The sheath of the curious knife had been found on the table in her sleeping apartment, but the youngest child had seen it there several days previously. Miss Jewell was a young woman of very lovely character, much trusted by Mrs. Dee, indeed her friend and almost inseparable companion. To the children she was a second mother, to the older daughter a friend, equally loved and revered. She had no motive for committing the crime as far as could be discovered, the only results of it being to her the loss of a home, the death of her benefactress, and the destruction of the happiness and comfort of a family who had been very dear to her for many years.

Nevertheless, the sheath of the murderous knife had been found in her room, and nobody admitted a doubt of her guilt. That is to say, nobody in Ellinwood.

As for Miss Jewell, she simply asserted her innocence. She had no proof of it, or offered none. Her little favorite, Adèle, had passed the night with her, but her slumbers had been unbroken. As for Miss Jewell, she had been suffering from toothache, and had not slept well until near morning, when, under the influence of an opiate, she had slept dreamlessly for several hours. Once in the night she had fancied she heard sounds from Mrs. Dee's room; but, on knocking at the door of her friend, had received no answer; when, as she said, convinced she had been mistaken, and fearing to disturb her further, had retired to her own room. She could tell nothing more of the night, and when asked for any facts of Mrs. Dee's history which could point suspicion to any source, had declined to answer.

That night a horror brooded over Ellinwood, and the gossips had been heard to declare that they were unable to sleep so near the murderess. The next morning all breathed more freely when Miss Jewell had been removed to the county jail.

And then days passed, and that fixed for the funeral arrived. The eldest son had landed at New York on the day after the murder had been committed. He hurried home to aid in its investigation, and to give his protection to his sisters.

He, no more than the rest, had been able to elicit anything. As soon as possible he visited Miss Jewell at the jail. He had scouted the idea of her connection with the crime from the first.

"I should as soon believe my sister to be the guilty one," he said.

And yet, after his visit to Miss Jewell, he was observed to exercise a singular reticence. He, too, declined to give any information in relation to the past life of his mother, or the family history.

"Be silent, as I shall," Miss Jewell had said to him. "There is not a particle of evidence against me, and nobody here knows anything about him or his connection with your family. I know and respect the wishes she cherished."

They parted like a mother and son, and those words had been overheard and were afterward repeated. They turned, in some degree, the current of popular feeling, and suggested an apparently unsolvable mystery. It was evident that both son and governess guessed, if they did not know, the name of the murderer. Was it that, or were these two, so near and dear to her who was gone, accomplices in the crime of her destruction?

The next day witnessed the funeral of Mrs. Dee. The son led the procession. The daughters followed. No one of the household was absent save the once faithful governess, now languishing in prison under the fatal accusation of murdering her benefactress and friend. Tears and sobs re-echoed through the vast concourse. The occasion, the sermon of the pastor, with its simple and touching eloquence, were overpowering in their effects. More than one woman fainted, and one man, a stranger, and of middle age, was seen to steal from the secluded seat he had chosen, and with tears streaming down his seamed cheeks, to leave the church. Next morning this very man was found lying on the damp mould of the newly made grave quite dead!

The mystery deepened. Whence came he? Who was he whom they consigned to the solitude of a pauper's grave? Tongues would be stilled no longer. The Dee name was no longer respected, but it floated on the breeze from every lip.

This excitement had not time to subside ere the trial of Miss Jewell took place. Pale and worn, yet cheerful, she took her place at the bar, heard herself arraigned as a murderess, and pleaded "not guilty." A glance, quick and suddenly withdrawn, passed between her and young Dee. He could not prevent her trial, but he seemed determined to show that it was not because he loved her less, but was powerless to prevent the events from which she suffered.

The testimony on this trial took a wider range than that which had been sought in earlier stages of the proceedings. Once more questions were asked in regard to the family history of the Dee's, and in relation to persons and associations among which the clue to the probable murderer might be found. No refusal to give testimony was now tolerated, and circumstances of which Ellinwood was yet ignorant came to light.

Ten years before Mrs. Dee had been worse than widowed by the commission of a great crime by her husband. His sentence had been imprisonment for life. He had not been a good husband, nor his wife a happy woman. But she had loved him long and well. This love had mostly died out before the commission of this crime—starved and crushed out of existence, as even that most tenacious of all human sentiments *may* sometimes be.

But she had deeply felt his depravity. Her pride had rebelled against his disgrace, and the infamy which necessarily attached to his family. She had resolved to bury from their sight, and from the world, all knowledge of it, as far as was possible.

Thus she had assumed another name. The older children still remembered their father, to the younger ones he was but a myth, an intangible something which had no existence in their consciousness. Removed to a portion of the country entirely strange to them, among strange people, and bearing a strange name, they gradually forgot him, and, even to the elder ones, he seemed like the unreal inhabitant of a dream.

Fortunately Mrs. Dee possessed in her own right great wealth. The horrors of poverty were not added to her trials. She had almost recovered her former freedom and lightness of heart, when the blow fell, and the mortal scene was closed. All this at last became known to the public of Ellinwood.

As Miss Jewell had said, there was not a particle of evidence against her. She was discharged, with only the merest form of a trial. But another and still darker secret was developed—the secret she had hoped by her sacrifice still to conceal for the sake of these doubly orphan children.

It was their fate to learn it in its saddest form, this double mystery. The existence, until recently, of the criminal father, and that he, with scarcely the possibility of a doubt, had been the murderer of their mother. Corroborative evidence was found in plenty, the moment the clue was discovered, to fix the crime upon him. He had wept in late repentance at her funeral, he had died upon her grave, but in vain all, in vain Miss Jewell's sacrifice. All the dark past had come to light, and the secret, so long and safely hidden, had been made manifest. The curse of knowledge of a parent's crimes had fallen upon the orphans. The intended marriage was broken off, and two young hearts crushed, and the shadow of sorrow and disgrace brooded over the once happy home.

All this happened many years ago. The great house at Ellinwood has long been closed. Its gardens are wildernesses. It is the habitation of owls and vermin. The family are scattered, and their dread secret and their sorrow have long been the property of an unpitying world.

The irreversible doom of humanity was upon these children. They, the innocent, bore the guilt of their parent upon their scatheless brows.

EARNING A WIFE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said farmer Blifkins, removing the pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine-looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir. I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a *very* good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you——"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry *you*, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away,—as it is in thousands of instances,—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questions without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought——"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that, with the wealth I should inherit, I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man, after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I *did* say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to ye, and I'll tell ye what I'll do: go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest; then come to me, and, if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his vest pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Blifkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden-gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I'm not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added softly:

"Never mind; I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But, wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul, "I'll wait for you, Luke!"

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Blifkins was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burdens, a neat-looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his formerly easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Blifkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some butter-tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride; "and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them."

Mr. Blifkins examined them critically one by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will ye take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you after all," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade, after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Blifkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round, white arms were bared above the elbows, and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited, dutifully, to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Molly, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em; but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make your old father will ratify."

As Mr. Blifkins said this, he considerately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can readily be conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delights his father-in-law by some specimen of the handicraft by which he won what *he* declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world."

REMARKABLE ESCAPES.

During the horrors of the French revolution, a tradesman at Lyons, of the name of Grivet, a man of mild and simple manners, was brought in one evening, sentenced, among a number of others, to perish the next morning. Those who were already in the cave pressed round the new comer to sympathize with him, to console him, and to fortify him for the stroke he was about to encounter; but Grivet had no need of consolation, he was as calm and composed as if he had been in his own house. "Come and sup with us," said they, "this is the last inn in the journey of life; to-morrow we shall arrive at our long home." Grivet accepted the invitation, and supped heartily. Desirous to sleep as well, he retired to the remotest corner of the cave, and, burying himself in his straw, seemed not to bestow a thought on his approaching fate. The morning arrived: the other prisoners were tied together and led away without Grivet's perceiving anything, or being perceived. Fast asleep, enveloped in his straw, he neither saw nor was seen. The door of the cave was locked; and when he awoke awhile after, he was in the utmost astonishment to find himself in perfect solitude. The day passed, and no new prisoners were brought into the cave. The next was the decade, when the judges did not sit, nor did they, for some other reason, sit the following day. Grivet remained all the time in his solitude, subsisting on some scattered provisions which he found about the cave, and sleeping every night with the same tranquillity as the first. On the evening of the fourth day the turnkey brought in a new prisoner, and became as one thunder-struck on seeing a man, or, as he almost believed it, a spirit in the cave. He called the sentinels, who instantly appeared. "Who art thou?" said he to Grivet, "and how comest thou here?" Grivet answered that he had been there for four days: "Doubtless," he added, "when my companions in misfortune were led away to death, I slept and heard nothing, and no one thought to awaken me. It was my misfortune, since all would now have been past, whereas I have lived with the prospect of death always before me; but the misfortune will now undoubtedly be repaired since I see you." The turnkey hastened to the tribunal to excuse himself for what had happened. Grivet was summoned before it; he was interrogated anew. It was a moment of lenity with the judges, and he was set at liberty.

An instance once occurred of escape after condemnation which deserves to be mentioned, because the fact is both remarkable and well attested. A number of persons were returning back to prison after sentence had been passed upon them that they were to be guillotined the next morning. They were, according to custom, tied by the hands, two and two, with a cord, and were escorted by a guard. In their way they were met by a woman, who, with loud cries, reclaimed her husband, asserting that he was a good patriot, and had been unjustly condemned; and she could bring proofs of his patriotism, known to all the world. It so happened that the judge who had condemned the prisoners passed by at that moment, and, hearing the clamors of the women, inquired what could occasion them. This being explained, and the judge very happily being in a more merciful humor than usual, said that a good patriot must not be executed, and if the woman's assertions were true, it was very right that her husband should be released. He accordingly ordered the man to be unbound and brought to him, when he asked several questions respecting his patriotism, and what he had done for the good of the republic; to all which he received answers so satisfactory, that he declared him to be a good sans-culotte, unjustly condemned, and ordered him to be set at liberty on the spot. This affair, as may easily be imagined, soon drew a number of people together, so that the prisoners were mingled promiscuously with the multitude.

The companion with whom the man had been yoked finding himself single and unobserved, the eyes and attention of all present being now otherwise engaged, thought that a favorable opportunity of escape was presented; thrusting, therefore, the hand which had the cord round it into his waistcoat, that the cord might not be seen, which would have betrayed him, he, with great coolness made his way through the crowd as if he had been a spectator only, drawn among them by curiosity. When he found himself at liberty, he hastened to the port, which was not far off, and jumping into a boat, ordered the boatman to row in all haste to a place which he named at the other end of the port. The boatman obeyed; but here a difficulty arose which had not immediately occurred to the fugitive, that he had not so much as a sol in his pocket to pay his fare:—for when any one was arrested, whatever money he might have about him, or anything else of value, was immediately taken away as confiscated property. What was to be done in a situation so embarrassing? He did not lose his presence of mind; but, feeling in his pocket, said, with a well-affected surprise, that it was very unlucky, but he had forgotten his purse, and had not any money with him. The boatman began to swear and make a great outcry, saying that this was all a mere excuse, that he was a cheat, and wanted to make him work without being paid. The fugitive then, as if a sudden recollection had struck him, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out the cord from which, during the passage, he had contrived to disengage it: "Here, my friend," said he, "take this; I by no means wish to cheat you; I cannot tell how it has happened that I have come out without money; but this cord, if you will accept it, is worth more than your fare." "Oh, yes, yes—take it, take it," said a number of other boatmen who were standing by, "the citizen is right, the cord is a good cord, and worth triple your fare; I don't believe he meant to cheat, he looks like an honest citizen." The boatman took the advice, and accepted the cord: and the liberated victim walked off to the house of a friend in the neighborhood, where he remained concealed the rest of the day. When night came, he made his escape from the town, his friend furnishing him with money and other necessaries for his journey; nor had many days elapsed before he was safe out of the republic.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.—A traveller crossing the Green Mountains, in Vermont, in the month of August, discovered a bare-headed and bare-footed urchin, with a large tin bucket by his side, digging into a deep snow-drift, and very innocently put the question—"My young lad, what do you intend to do with that snow?" "Why, sir, mother wants to thaw it to get water to wash with." "Then why not take it from the top of the drift, instead of digging so deep?" "Why, sir, that on the top ain't good for nothing—the warm weather has *dried all the water out on't!*"

A SEASONABLE HINT.—A day or two since, while a gentleman was examining a harness he had just purchased, it was discovered that one of the buckles was deficient of a tongue. The master of the shop was apologizing for the oversight, when one of his boys sung out, "If you have lost your tongue, I will lend you mine." His impertinence was soon checked by the customer, with this remark: "But I want a *tongue that will keep its place.*"

ADVANTAGES OF CONFINEMENT.—An Italian conversing with some friends on the subject of the great injury Rome had sustained from an inundation of the Tiber, declared that they ought all to pray for the river to be seriously indisposed in future. Being asked for his reason, he replied, "Because he does nothing but mischief when not *confined to his bed.*"

MODEST LOVE.

Papa forbids my loving more,
The gentle, modest Theodore;
Yet often says, the precept given
"To love thy neighbor," came from heaven.
And must not that dear youth be one,
I'm sure *his house adjoins our own!*

A SUCCESSFUL ALIBI.—A fellow in Philadelphia the other day, accused of stealing a violin, scorned the injurious aspersion upon his honor, and claimed the benefit of an alibi. He proved his innocence by the records of the court, showing thereby, that when the fiddle was stolen, he was serving out a sentence for stealing a bass drum.

SQUARE GIMLETS.—"I want to see some of your gimlets," said a greenhorn one day, as he entered a hardware-store. The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited. "Well, then, what kind do you want? here is almost every variety." "Why, darn it, I want them what bores square holes."

A RAW ONE.—"Fine chance for you to live on wind," said an old fellow to a Grahamite, after an east wind had been blowing constantly for a week. "Yes," said the man of saw-dust bread, "but then one doesn't relish it so well raw."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A friend in need's a friend indeed,
And this I've found most true;
But mine is such a *needy* friend,
He sticks to me like glue.

COMFORTABLE ADVICE.—How to take care of yourself in the winter:—Wear a great-coat and long boots; carry an umbrella; and whenever it rains take a hackney coach for an *overall!*

EVENTFUL PERIODS IN THE LIFE OF A WOMAN.—There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman: one, when she wonders who she will have; the other, when she wonders who will have her.

COURAGE.—As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Montreal at midnight, a patrole called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrole," said she; "dont be afraid."

"WHAT is the difference 'twixt a watch and a fedder bed, Sam?" "Dunno—gin it up." "Because de tickin of de watch is on the inside, and the tickin of the bed is on the outside."

A DEFINITIVE ANSWER.

"Marriage!" quoth Kate, "define it if you can, sir?"
"The bachelor's last folly!" was the answer.

A VERY unpopular officer for the ladies—General Housework.

THE prettiest neck-tie for a lady—the arms of her baby.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A PARTY of travellers who have been exploring along the Yellow Stone river, in the far Northwest, report that on eight miles of the country there are the most wonderful volcanic appearances, blue flames issuing from the ground, accompanied by a strong whistling sound, craters abounding in every direction and streams of molten brimstone. Hell was the name they gave that newly-discovered country.

A BOY who was suffering from hunger, the other day, in Newark, N. J., stole from another boy walking through the street the dinner which the latter was carrying to his father. The boy who committed the theft swallowed the dinner while the other was searching for a policeman, and when the officer reached the spot it was too late to replevin, and the accused was allowed to go on bail.

CORK has numerous uses. There is necessarily waste in cutting wine corks, which was formerly of no value; now this waste, ground very small and mixed with India-rubber, forms "kamptulicon." Ground to powder, it is used in the process of vulcanizing India-rubber, which can then be made into the most delicate forms. Mattresses filled with fine cork cuttings will resist damp.

JOHN MCGRATH had a silver cup given him by his comrades on taking his discharge. He has served twenty-two years, has five good-conduct badges, a medal for distinguished conduct in the field, a medal for good conduct and long service, and the Crimean and Turkish medals, and for all that leaves the service a private. But then it is the British service.

THE Press, of Vienna, states that lately what is called a shower of frogs fell in that city. After a stormy evening and an extraordinary warm rain, the borders of the canal were found, early the following morning, to be covered with thousands of young frogs of the same size and color. In some places they were in heaps.

MISS CLARA E. MARTIN, daughter of Alfred Martin, of Jackson, N. H., 8 years old, wove with her own hands, in a patent loom, forty-five yards of good wool cloth the past winter, and assisted in taking care of an invalid sister and a sick mother. This is a good example for our village damsels even of more years.

A LADY passenger between Norfolk and New York, by sea, who, while her attention was directed to a passing ship, unfortunately plied the fan too near her person, and raked from her bosom a magnificent diamond brooch, knocking it into the sea. The value of the pin was $500.

A LARGE lynx was killed on a farm near Newton, Ind., a few days ago. It was attacked by two dogs, and had nearly killed one of them, when one of the hands working on the place came to the rescue and succeeded in despatching the animal.

THE number of white male taxable inhabitants in Philadelphia, this year, amounts to 132,968, against 125,828, for 1866—being an increase of 7,140 persons. The number of votes annually polled does not near equal the taxables.

A TRAIN on the Northwestern railroad, in the western part of Iowa, was on Saturday delayed one hour and a quarter by grasshoppers, which covered the track so thick that the engine-drivers slipped on the rails.

A TRACT of land owned by Joseph Jones, of Warren county, North Carolina, which cost forty thousand dollars before the war, was sold for five thousand six hundred dollars by the United States Marshal last week.

IN the cafe near the Puerta del Sol, at Madrid, there are hundreds of visitors, whose sole refreshment is a penny glass of sugar and water, while sipping which they spend the whole evening.

THE English Parliament House clock is of such magnitude that the time required to wind it up is two hours. The dials are twenty-two feet in diameter, and the hour bell weighs fifteen tons.

THE Government has refused to give up the trunk of J. Wilkes Booth and its contents to Edwin Booth. The assassin had left the trunk at the National Hotel at Washington.

AT Fort Sedgwick, Colorado, government pays thirty-three dollars per cord for fire-wood. The article is so scarce only one tree is standing in a distance of 45 miles from the post.

CORN is now being shipped North from the Southern States, and it is pleasant to know that some portions of that unfortunate section are this year producing a surplus of grain.

MAXIMILIAN'S widow is slowly recovering from her insanity.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. IX.

A YEAR BY LAKE ERIE.

When I entered Poultney, an aspirant to apprenticeship in her printing-office, I knew to one of her citizens or residents; when I left that place, after a quiet sojourn of a little more than four years, I parted with many valued friends, of whom all who survive still, I trust, remain such. I have never since known a community so generally moral, intelligent, industrious and friendly—never one where as much good was known and so little evil said of neighbor by neighbor. There is no single individual among the many whose acquaintance I then made of whom I have other than a kindly remembrance; while of nearly all those with whom I was brought into friendship contract I cherish loving and grateful recollections.

The two-story wooden house, whereto our Spectator was bound, still stands on the east side of the street leading from Poultney to the new rude south-east of the Baptist meeting-house, four the centre of the village green; but the printing materials were packed up directly after I left, and have been sold away—I know not whither. The slight number of a journal has been lessed from that town since I left it in March, 1833.

A friend of five years accompanied me thence by wagon to Cornwall's Landing, on the Champlain Canal, where we waited, scarcely twelve miles from Poultney, through a dreary day of pelting rain, for a Packet from Whitehall, whereby we crept shall-like to Troy, and thence, by limited mail-conveyance, to Buffalo. Here my friend stopped to look about him not for westward of Buffalo. I kept on by steamboat on Lake Erie to Dunkirk, and thence Westward by canal to Portage, where one of my father's in Pennsylvania.

I think it was on this visit that I made my next day's walk—from Tonawanda through Mayville and Ripley to my father's, who lived then but two forty miles near, and who gave me eighteen we then made most have been thoroughly fatigued. I have known my father to walk fifty two miles in a day—that is, between sunrise and midnight—and I had made a long and hard day from Fredonia to Wayne at 45 miles of bad road, many a bit of good. He was well accustomed his walk by halo-stones, as I have done, with observer that lively and persistent stepping will no stopping to chase butterflies, is required to make four miles per hour. I have done this on the tow-path of the Delaware and Raritan Canal; but the sweat started freely pretty early in the second mile. Beginning at twenty-five miles per day, walking slowly, but tolerably briskly constantly in motion, you may add two to three miles per day till you have reached what I shall show that, I judge, must, for most persons, involve absolute fatigue. I once walked across a corner of Chautauqua Lake when it was partly frozen, and learned that a distance on smooth ice, no matter how firm and sound your tread, will start the sweat on the coldest day, though you have been quite cool enough in traversing on bare, frozen ground.

The railroads have nearly killed pedestrianism, and I regret it. The steady, solitary walking that I have found most favorable to patient meditation, and most serious problems, is now rarely had alone with him—she does not unveil herself to those who charming jewels. A walk of two or three hundred miles in a calm, clear October, is one of the most delightful and profitable luxuries of life free to the poor as the rich. I do not regard the healthful exercise of hunting and shooting, as to enjoy it is a taste, as its fair equivalent. A solitary walk of a day or two in the forest of water, quiet, thoughtful; and the weary pedestrian washes his face and hands in the drops every way soon after he has halted at night. An accompaniment of several companions, whether in boat or wagon, is apt to cause clothes, tongue, feasting, debauch, and consequent bodily debility, whereby rest is postponed or sacrificed, and health imperilled. Of course, there are others shunned or regarded as a bore, I would advise the young pedestrian, who seeks health and pleasure, to travel with a single, well-chosen friend; if his aim be meditation and self-communion, to take him long fits and start off entirely alone.

I was once traveling in the company of a chance companion, whom I had never seen before, and have not seen since, more than forty years,—when our route led us through the village of Mayville, Chautauqua Co. N. Y. We were in doubt as to our road beyond that village, and were inquired our way of several citizens whom we met. He looked on well over, and, satisfied that we were evidently of no concern, he remembered us never a word of reply, but moved on in utter silence. We were thirsty, as without remark, until at length my companion broke the stillness with the abrupt observation, to me:

"I am glad I have got to the worse time."

I did not see the point, and looked inquiry.

"Because," he resumed, "that man has got to die just the same as I have."

I was

I was my first visit to my father's never home, I had entered the little hamlet termed Clymer's Town of the five very near sunset—just at dusk of a Saturday night, when I found myself in a new feeling I sought out a house where away in a south-westerly course. "But you are welcome your way to lodging," I was very properly advised. I tried to hire some one to guide me, but it almost sunset; I knew I was to be my stay at; and I took the track pointed out, and plunged into the darkening woods. Half a mile on, the cart-tracks diverged; and I took the unfrequented and wrong one. I went on for a friend a log-cabin tenanted by a mother and her children, who responded to my inquiries that they knew the way to Zack Greeley's quite well, but that I was two miles out, with no fire-place woods, away from any road, and could not be reached that night, especially as the two intervening cabins stood tenantless—their usual occupant having gone off to work on the Pennsylvania State Canal then being dug in the vicinity of Meadville. I was pressed to stay here till morning, said—there being no practicable alternative—remained. The house was quite new, and consisted of a single room some twenty by sixteen feet, and the logs of which it was built were still so green that the fire was made close to one side, as the bare earth, with no fire-place and no chimney save a hole through the bark-covered roof. The man of the house soon came home, and we all slept cruelly till morning, when I made my way to my destination.

The cabin which my father had bought with his land was a little better than I have just described, but nothing to brag of. My mother—born half a century after the log-cabin stage of Londonderry—could never be reconciled to this nor to either of the two rather better ones that the family tenanted before it emerged into a poor sort of framed house. In fact, she had married amid the primitive forest to take life in it, and never became reconciled to the pioneer's inevitable discomforts. The chimney of the best log-house, she insisted, would smoke; and so it did. The bed for years been worn out by hard work, and broken down in mind and body. She was then but forty-five, but had long since when well and trouble had gained the victory over her, never again to know her at it.

My father had for many years—parties from the Scotland and his ancestors on Western Pennsylvania as his intimate home; and the region was then, and long after, wild enough to render it essentially a good one. Situated on high, broken ground, with a rocky soil, and covered with heavy timber, Western N. Y., in this county, Pa., two miles from the Pennsylvania line, was then, as it is now, a fine country for the self-strong, though better adapted as grass than for grain. He worked when he knew again. Still, it was a mistake, at his time of life, to plunge so deep in the primitive forest. The glass sashes of Sugar Maple, Hemlock, Ash, Ash, Basswood, &c., were heavy to cut down by the axe; but when there were often a full winter month in chopping and logging and burning, there remained yet another serious job; still bearing the toil and the privation, and followed by an injudicious of stumps, which must be allowed years in which to rot. Of the 47 acres cleared in 20 years, my father had by the sickness and consequent disability to use the axe, left only 20 when I came to live with him. Of these, he was often so lame as to be unmanned for a fair year's work; and, being poor, he was induced to hire when favored by a dry spell and a good season. He was not a skilful farmer, and could hardly be clear as a third of the cost and have his land in a fit condition to produce. Of course, many of it must burn up his timber grown, because he needed the land to be cleared and ready for the sort of the fruits of his labor for years. Thus, it was that, during the first half of the period of more than twelve the proper cost, and figured at the price of the time, they brought but two or three days' work to gathered up and burned. Of course, the fences were generally poor like "Black Sam," (the base of Pat and Poor Sam's) and, though the land was naturally a good soil, the neglect to harrow and roll after sowing, and to manure it, and many other things where as happy as he is, and the fact that he was a good farmer, and a good neighbor, which he showed when he selected Jacksonburgh as his residence, and when he settled down in bettering his circumstances.

Of the people of the county which we found Dexter honestly; and Mr. Fawsett, by developing its resources, never failed to secure for it the honestly earned the price of him; as honestly, indeed, as if he had been selling so much potatoes, or preaching. If he chooses to give it to the community, that is his affair.

We like Dexter. We like his name. It means Elliot, Mass., and Dexter, Me., and Dexter, Ill., contain square; and we like to see things done on the square. We like the men who, when they die, are silent, all in the habit of one little house. All these have been built by men who were used to moving to put his work came. Time had never been wasted in building. Time is the road. It is only to fable that the notion belongs.

TIZZED OF THE COUNTRY.

Young Fawsett was a native of Cornwall from a city-weeks sojourn "beyond the bricks," heartily glad to get back to Dexter. He was not a man of books, or of nor, it is of no consequence, for he had a thorough knowledge of mankind—of a genius, and his congeners exist in every large city. "Tizzed of the country" is the way he always finds it on. No theatre, no champagne suppers, no fashionable ladies to be met with. He could "see him" and expel himself." The nonsuccessful impression that he was a man of poor-wits and things made such a confounded mistake of the character of the man that I could but the sun blistered he hands. He tried shooting with him, but was not much of a shot; and gave him up. He would have tried thrilling but he had not the patience to learn it. He was not a Broadway dot no exception to the rural dislike of the city-bred man, and he could not become back quite emphatic. The starch—he had been accustomed to starch—was taken out of him, and it will require at least a year to get him into anything like a condition. Some people acquire vigor in the country. He has been fully tried, and has not acquired it.

Now, what was the matter with Pantherbrain? Why, he was "tizzed" here! Simply because he was troubled with—a want of occupation. He had been used to the fresh family—sort of mind. The works of God are not to be found in the city, but are hidden from sight. The splendor of Nature, he could not read them. He had been used to the society of men, and he had not been set on the mountain crag, and that the soul of man is not to be found in the forest. He would believe you, for he has no eyes except for the world of human passions. Pantherbrain is a pleasant study, but he does not know enlisted in the service. He has seen many specimens of people, but to him all insects are merely insects in the entomology. Nothing could be the gaudy firmament, "fretted with golden fire," is to him a "congregation of vapors." Geology finds "sermons in stones," but he does not know the difference between hard-pan and primary rock. Country sports and amusements delight him. They are for me, but he is a miserable. He doesn't know what in the world he was out of town for. Neither does the Ledger.

MR. BONNER:—*Dear Sir*: I am so glad you have got *Dexter*. I want you to have the images of everything—land, food, and people. I look at *pens* of *Dexter* as you do. *Ink* is our horse. The *Ledger* is Fanny Fern.

HOW PROFESSOR MITCHEL BUILT HIS OBSERVATORY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Visitors to Cincinnati are surprised to find in the enchanting environs of that busy city an astronomical observatory, provided with a noble telescope and all the requisite apparatus for observing the stars. A chemical laboratory at a school of engineers would not excite astonishment; but such establishments would accord with the industrial character of the place, and promote the acquisition of wealth. Nor are we surprised at the existence of pictures, or groups of art and the beginnings of a museum, since these things can be enjoyed by a large number of the people. But an observatory, which so few can use, and the results of which so few can appreciate, is something which, we should suppose, Cincinnati would have been disposed to wait for a century or two longer. There it is, however, on a lofty hill overlooking the city and green the skies it is designed to celebrate.

The observatory resulted from the zeal, the taste and the indomitable perseverance of one man, the late Professor O. M. Mitchel, who died during the war while in the service of the United States. Professional observatory is a monument to his memory, and is a building of the same name of the city to which he was the author of its creation. Probably there was no other city in the country that would have undertaken such a task in such a place, at such a time, and on the face of so many obstacles.

A poor Kentucky boy, born in 1810, he attended West Point and graduated in 1832, and, obtaining an appointment to the Military Academy, resided West Point at the age of 21 years, with a transport upon his back and twenty dollars in his pocket. He remained, with honor at the Academy, he served awhile in the army, then, while still a young man, he resigned, and in 1840 we find him professor of mathematics and astronomy in Cincinnati College. During the operations about to be mentioned, he performed all the duties of that professorship, working hard for five hours every day in the lecture-room, and yet he never appeared in that five hours' work as most men have to exhaust all.

The first thing attempted was the purchase of a telescope. Of course, the professor had only a few hundred dollars; and the directors were resolved not to involve the building fund. Two-thirds of the sum had been collected and were on the way to the treasury when the panic of 1857 fell like enterprise, however, the correct-sense of the people, and on the 4th of November, 1857, the Hon. John A. Gano, a gold a great conference of people, to whom he addressed a statement of the case, and appealed for aid in behalf of science. At that time, although the whole of the country was suffering from the panic, there were already over three thousand dollars of it had been paid in, and the sum was soon made up. On the 4th of July, 1860, the Western people are creditors to the Eastern people for the use of it for six months, or even a few weeks, at that day, often to the amount of thousands of dollars, and the money freely subscribed was paid slowly and with considerable delay. A few years after, and in the streets was sufficient of itself to bring the Eastern people to their knees. Cincinnati could neither get coal for her steam-engines nor meat for her breakfast, nor greenbacks for anything. It so happened that this season was one of extraordinary drought, and the water of the canals upon expected that the subscribers could not pay, and that it was a necessity that they should pay them. Professor Mitchel, whose whole heart was in the enterprise, went to work with his own hands, and went systematically into the collection of the outstanding money.

Every day, after the duties of his professorship, he visited subscribers, and collected. Some of the subscribers could not pay, saw no prospect of paying, and, in a few cases, he pardoned the obligation to pay. Such were the exceptions. In the great majority of cases he sought to make up the deficiency. Others could pay, but could not raise the money. These he would take out his book and enter the day, hour and minute when he would call for it. Even though the time was in some instance four months, he never failed to appear at the appointed moment. In collecting some of the smaller sums he walked many miles, and paid his own hands, and went systematically into the collection of the money. Every day, after the duties of his professorship, he visited subscribers, and collected. Some of the subscribers could not pay, saw no prospect of paying, and, in a few cases, he pardoned the obligation to pay. Such were the exceptions. In the great majority of cases he sought to make up the deficiency. Others could pay, but could not raise the money. These he would take out his book and enter the day, hour and minute when he would call for it. Even though the time was in some instance four months, he never failed to appear at the appointed moment. In collecting some of the smaller sums he walked many miles, and paid his own hands, and went systematically into the collection of the money.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE BOTH.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"The boys are coming home to-morrow!"
Thus our rural beehive said,
While Lem and Lute sitting glances,
Full of vigor, unspoken dread.

Had we hither come for quiet,
Either but the city's noise,
But to change it for the country
Of these horrid country boys?

Waking our with wild hallooing
Early every summer day;
Shouting noises, noisy bellows,
Frightening the weary away.

Stumbling over fishing-tackle,
Threshing rainbow, gold and blue;
Clamoring for dinner, shouting
Tracking earth the passage through.

These and other kindred trials
Planted we with world sigh,
"These boys, the horrid boys, to-morrow!"
Only whispered Lem and I.

Lem and I.

I wrote them down our hearer summer.
To-day I awoke to read them over,
Remembering how full of terror
We watched all day the opening door.

They came—the boys!
Six feet in stature,
Tanned, fair, polished men;
I vowed to Lem, behind my knitting,
To trust no mother's warm smile.

For boyhood is a thing immortal
To every mother's heart and eye;
And sons are boys to her forever,
Change as they may to you and I.

So her no time comes sharply marking
Wisdom or when their childhood went.
Nor when the gentleman upward turning
Leveled at last their downward bent.

Now to the window, still and sunny,
Warmed by the mid-day summer glow,
Two dear old boys waits and watched,
Just as the wicked years ago.

For Lem and I are now her daughters,
We married "them"—Conroy boys by birth
In spite of all our foreboding
About their sweet wigs, and skins.

Lem springs up to meet a Scotch,
I him to meet his cousin Tom;
Mother and I are waiting longer
For cousin Walter and sister Jessie.

But when the Misses Lee's betrayed,
And each to whom she's come
I know this loving mamma approved,
Which is another world than mine.

Always the specials in gentle fashion,
Always "age-appropriate" wishes with;
Though one is gray and one has wrinkled
Beyond the touch of time or care.

ABNER AULT;

OR,

THE HAND OF FATE,

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT WAS SAID AND DONE.

"Should you prefer a ride, or a sail, my love?"

These the words of the "The Washington" always severed were the first words she heard the gentleman who came into New Creek, L. I., on the ninth of June, 18—, speak to the lady who came with him, and she is equally positive that the lady replied:

"A sail, dear; I love the water so."

The lady was sitting at that moment in Mrs. Clark's own Boston rocking-chair, nursing her baby.

She was little more than a child herself, and as pretty as it was possible for mortal to be. On her left hand Mrs. Gault saw the plain wedding ring, but a keeper, with five tiny diamonds set in the form of a cross, was all her hair she ever wore a watch. From that Mrs. Gault argued that the young couple were not poor. But they had only brought with them a small portmanteau, containing, presumably, changes of linen; and their traveling dresses were very plain. Then, though Mrs. Gault had noticed, was "quite the way with the first of quality" as to dress, and the lady and the gentleman had said, plainly, "We shall need a pleasant room for the night," the idea they did not intend to stay long.

Mrs. Gault decided "that they were aristocratic people, though they came in such a plain way, and she was never a bit of a liberal girl along to mind them."

When she said "I love the water so," the gentleman smiled and the landlady's curiosity was aroused.

"There was no ifs, ands, nor buts about it," she declared to Daddy Grief in the stable shortly after; "I love the water so' was the whole of it, and never a word more. But then, you see, Mrs. Gault has always had a fondness for the quality, and she'll be sure to find out what's what before she's done with them."

The gentleman carried the baby, and the little wife stepped as one who was not unused to her hand, and all her yellow curls blown about her face by the breeze from the ocean. For this was a little of much and a glass of wine; and when Mrs. Gault had dusted a table with a damask cloth and turtle and a blue bread pudding would not have been out of place, she ordered that they be had forthwith.

They had answered that the dinner would suit them, and that should be back at five o'clock.

"We mustn't stay later on Harry's account," said the lady.

And Mrs. Gault first asked:

"Is that the baby's name?"

And she then further inquired:

"When we don't call him King Hal. But he was christened—and Mrs. Gault, Mrs. Berry, you understand."

"After his father?" said the landlady.

"No, after some one else."

Then the lady and the study lane lowered the widow Pauls cottage after that, and Mrs. Gault decided that the children had not asked for the Clark's dinner.

Both the Paul boys were at home, and Benny got out the boat.

It was a pretty little affair, and well kept; and as many water-lovers gathered more lightly in the sun, nor sky shone bluer, nor grass grew greener than on this glimmer and come and waved that day, as the husband and wife stepped into the boat with the baby in his arms.

Red-faced Ben wielded one pair of oars and his brown brother Hugh another. As they started, the mother came out to look after them. She also said that she never saw two more handsome or more elegant-looking people in the "Paul's Delight" and that she felt sure they would have taken them for lovers, they were both so young.

She watched them quite out of sight, and went back into the house to get some fish ready for tea, and was so busy that she didn't notice how, in an hour or so, the beautiful blue sky had clouded over, and the breeze grown chill and piercing, and how, instead of bobbing and sparkling in the sun, the waves were boiling angrily, and turned to a dull leaden hue.

Neither did she good-naturedly to "The Washington" remark those changes avail patter, patter, patter against the diamond bright panes of the tavern came a shower of rain drops, heavy and large as any born at the murky sky of a November day. The Long Island woman was accustomed to changeable weather; but never in all her experience could she recall so sudden a change as this.

"And them poor young critters and their baby on the water yet," she cried. "They'll catch their deaths."

Then looking at the clock she found that it was half-past four.

"They may be in," she said, "and waiting at Widow Pauls. Take the right wagon, Jim, and drive over, and if they're not in, wait until they do come and fetch 'em up."

Jim, grumbling a little after the manner of most hired men about going out in such weather, obeyed.

The rain fell faster and the wind wailed louder as the minutes passed, and Mrs. Gault made sure that Jim would find her guests at the widow's.

"Ten minutes there,—five to walk and ten back," she calculated, and proceeded to hasten the progress of dinner that it might be ready when they arrived.

But the twenty-five minutes fled, and the rest half an hour, and then the lady began to grow uneasy. Jim came over, and if they're not in, wait until they do come and fetch 'em up."

MRS. GAULT AND HER UNKNOWN GUESTS.

She felt nervous and anxious. Even the three blocks of wine and water, with nutmeg in it, which she was in the habit of supping, did her no good. So she gave up at last, and sat trembling, supposed in her great red shawl (for all was chilly), with her face close against the dripping panes, peering through the shadows. For the shadows were gathering thick and fast—trooping up from the sea like so many ghosts; and evening was at hand, and still the little wagon did not come. And the dinner was also nearing before the fire; and the white cloth spread, and a glass of flowers in the middle, and to the landlady's children—all men and women now, and married or away—was drawn to the table for the baby. Everything waiting, cozy and comfortable and pleasant, to welcome the guests of "The Washington" home from the storm.

Putting on her bonnet, though where to and for the landlady went out to fight a hurry, the commotion presently awakened Sally, who, sure, and she peeped back into the room which as one night into an apartment where some stranger's coffin was lying, and half expected to see some awful shape rise up before her at the bedside.

It was nearly eight by that time, and still Jim never came, and was nine o'clock, and he had half-gone to the horses' heels plashed through the wet, and the wagon was not to be seen.

Mrs. Gault's heart gave a leap, and she rushed out.

"Where then?" she cried.

"Jim, Master!"

"You've got the lady and gentleman with you?"

"No, Missus."

"Not Mr. Clark. Haven't they got in yet?"

"No, Missus—nor never will; for they're both drowned, sure, and are Benny Paul!"

At that Mrs. Gault dropped down on the floor of her bar in a swoon.

When she came to, the room was full of guests of "The Washington" who were about her, and amongst them a man in a sailor's dress, who had been picked up on the beach and brought there by the landlady's son, and who, now waiting for a chance to speak to her, and none had the least idea how long he had been there.

"You want to tell me something, I suppose?" she said.

And he answered:

"Yes, Missus, I do. Mammy says what'll she do with the baby? They've found Benny." And then he went on to tell her how he had come by the voice. "And what time has she got to send for?"

Mrs. Gault started up.

"Why, I must go to the mermaid."

"Yes, Missus. I mean arrives with it. Ben Paul's got it—the baby, but she struggled and both were drowned."

And he waited for my again.

"I'll send for the baby," said Mrs. Gault.

"Yes, Missus." Sailor-like, stranger of the seas, and glad to be out of the way of the pitying faces and the sympathetic words, he left the room; after all, couldn't guess what it was to them to know that baby was motherless.

He went back to the little dwelling where the dead youth's body was lying, and told the sorrowful husband and frowned, moaning and weeping, the heartbroken news, and the sad message based upon her knee.

It was a little thing, fair as a snow-drop, and with every promise, if it lived at all, of being beautiful. Its eyes were blue, and it had fair hair, now; and already it was long indeed for a baby's, and curled in rings all over its head and neck.

"It looked," so Mrs. Gault said when she came to see it, "as if it had been born with a curl in every line in its mother."

"I'll take it home," the good dear," said the fisherman's widow. "And I'm sure I'd be willing to keep it myself if I could, only I can't do. My hands are full, and I'm not quite in my right mind, and I'm not quite in my right mind, and dazed and dumb like, and can't think of saying the right words to the right people, but I'm glad they go on the water for and drown my boys."

"It's fate, my dear," said the landlady, "and God's doing and not ours, and all for the best, I'll bet we'd have. And I know by myself you can't take a child from its mother's breast. It's for the baby, that's my place, you know; for its friends will come to me when they hear of it. I shouldn't wonder if they stood pretty high in life."

The poor mother did not hear her. What did she care who stood high or low? She stroked out her arms with the baby in them.

"Take it," she said. "You don't know what queer feelings I've had. Holding it in my arms, it didn't know me from its mother, poor child; and once I wandered away back, and somehow thought 'twas Benny I was nursing while I walked for his father. Oh, it was awful to wake up out of that and find it all a motion, and see my dear Benny lying there dead before me. Take the child. I think it might help drive me mad if I was to mind it long."

Mrs. Gault took the baby, and said some neighborly things, which she meant, about sympathizing, and wanted, and left a little money in Hugh Paul's hand, and hurried away, all the way, partly for Benny, partly for the pretty young pair so suddenly bereft of their youthful grace, and partly for the helpless baby who lay upon her motherly breast, unconscious of the great and irreparable loss it had sustained. She was not accustomed to the job, as she did it, but she said over and over again to herself, "the young people must have friends somewhere, I suppose, but how was she to find them?" The memories of the gentleman, when questioned, gave no clue to their names or residence, and Mrs. Gault was only in search of a clue to her guests. There were plenty to offer it, and those to whom she most relied said, silverlike. They were, late in the afternoon next day, Mrs. Gault sat down to make an advertisement, with them assembled.

Short and her principal adviser—Betsy Ann Clark, the girl who had lived there for twenty years; Sam, the boy; and Grief, who still looked after the horses, and who held the baby on her knee, jogging it at intervals, and trying to make it laugh. Between its eyes the bosom of her gown, and which, with the assistance of the important operation, for the time being, she could not object.

Opposite Mrs. Gault sat the barber, a person who had a reputation for writing letters for his fellow-guests; he had the right the taller and his wife, who had been a schoolmistress, were also at home then. On the left Captain Jacks, a constant guest at the house, dropped in to tea, and unpremeditatedly fetched that bellows he took to be a fit and proper person to write a letter for those individuals to have been in the habit of writing to, and which, now, did not carry the sobbers who were gratifying their curiosity in the room down to the widow's cottage to look at Benny and hear all about it. Which, of course, they did.

The landlady took up her pen and looked at it, and then at the ink, and whispered to Sam a dead fly spread upon its point; dusted the pen with her apron, flipped it, and at last made a blot on the paper; here the piece off; commenced to write, something, pretty, crossed the first word through, and took up a clean sheet. Then she looked at Mrs. Gault, and was painfully about her.

"I am so distracted that I dunno how to begin," said she, shaking her head. "A love letter is nothing to writing up blanks in her way in this world of trees. To see Mr. Gault! Oh, how she would have been cross just now good. But women can't be expected to be the same when they're in trouble."

And she looked at Mr. Clumps, the barber, "of if mine which was a little acquainted of the facts, nature," said Mr. Clumps.

And the landlady nodded, and the sweetest critters over I see—poor dears! Now, Mr. Clumps, you write down the name of that that that was that I got a sign of motion and turnips to-day and a chicken, and the name of the lady and gentleman, and the baby, and how they're both drowned, and that don't know what's come to a-sailing a letter from—from—Oh, dear, I'll be plagued!—and not thinking of its poor dear mother's grief for the dear—no, it was just never know, arter a week or so, but what the baby can't be entirely motherless, and I'm willing to keep it for good, I'm sure it's my duty to, and I'm going to consider it as mine from the right in it; and, if they'll call at 'The Washington,' they'll be entirely welcome.—What do you think, Mr. Clumps?"

Mr. Clumps thought it very good.

"I think, ma'am," he said, "that, viewed from the point of view, it is magnificent. Viewed from the point in question, it is ingeniious; for, do you see, ma'am, they change as much a line, and words count so."

"So they do, Mr. Clumps," said the tailor's wife.

"Very true, ma'am," said the barber. "Insolate this, ma'am, those in is therefore two blacks of writing—one is what you might call fancy writing; and one of a legal nature"—Sam, and sudden' else. This here production o' yours classes with the latter; it would draw tears from any eyes, and is fit for two be published in an amount of Christmas. Rather a dead than some that is. It all, so we speak, a work of fiction, and another nature' fact, when you advertise what it is that the printers expect, I ask? why, writing' of a legal nature," and, as a lady used to be expected two be able two do that kind o' writing and it's the duty of the counsel not two deal with for her,—if you'll allow us, ma'am—"

"Only too thankful, I'm sure, sir," said the landlady, handing Mr. Clumps the pen and a clean piece of paper. "If I'm honest two tell you sad, I'd never have attempted it. Lo, to see him sat down to it!"

It was a sight. Mr. Clumps was conscious of being an important personage, as he looked about a few lines with light strokes, and dark strokes, and curly-tailed flourishes; and it was with pride that he read his composition aloud when the last full stop was appended.

"Drowned, at New Creek, L. I., on ——"

"Only two drowned, I'm sure, sir," said the landlady, leaning Mr. Clumps the pen and a clean piece of paper. "If I'm honest two tell you sad, I'd never have attempted it. Lo, to see him sat down to it!"

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"Drowned, at New Creek, L. I., on ——

"Only two drowned, I'm sure, sir," said the landlady, handing

candle he held above his head, and looking at the slender figure in some surprise. "Dye want me for anything?"

For all answer the lady paused to and seated herself upon a chair near the door.

"Shut the door, please," she said; and Peter Dunn obeyed.

The woman did not attempt to raise her veil, and there was something not quite pleasant to Peter Dunn in the mystery of speaking to a woman who concealed her face; but in a moment masculine interest came to his aid, and he began to fancy that perhaps this veiled female had fallen in love with him. His sarcastic, put his thinking head on one side, sat down and said, frankly:

"Well, my dear, what now?"

The voice beneath the veil replied:

"Dunnan."

"Ah!" said Peter, sure that fascination had nothing to do with the visit, from the tone of the veiled woman's voice, and speaking shortly now:

"Well, then, ma'am, what's the business?"

The woman seemed to look at Peter Dunn under her veil, and he looked at her. Then she said, slowly:

"You are the man who—who prepares the bodies found about the wharves for burial. I don't know precisely what to call it, but that is the—the idea."

"I do one of 'em, anyway," said the man.

"Are you fond of money?" asked the lady.

"Who isn't?" said the man. "Why, I'd be overall's or bare half-witted if I said I wasn't, of course."

The lady put her hand into her pocket and drew forth a little roll of bills.

"Count those," said she to the man. "I give them to you in earnest of my promise. You can earn what you like."

The man heard aside.

"How?" he asked—"how? Not that way?"

"That way," said the lady—"that way."

Peter Plumb beat across the table.

"Is murder," he whispered, "I'll risk my neck on nothing."

The veiled woman laughed, though at the same time she shuddered.

"Murder?" she said. "Oh no; nothing there is any harm in—nothing dangerous. You see I am no stranger."

She dropped a gentleman's pin and rose upon the table as she spoke. The ring had a stone in it, this room B; the pin was a diamond.

"They are good ones," said the man. "The stone looks real."

"They are valuable," said the lady. "Some day you shall have them as well as the money; but remember that you must not wear them for a day."

"Course not," said Peter Plumb, sagaciously.

"And be discreet."

"A dead man!" cried he.

She looked anxiously toward the door and nodded. "Yes."

"I don't understand you," said Peter Plumb.

"It is narrow," said the veiled woman, "that you will see an advertisement for a missing man—a man named Albert Burleigh, stout-built, years old; black hair and eyes; tall and fairly formed; wearing that ring and pin. You are to be on the lookout. And she spread a handkerchief upon the table with the name upon it, and pointed upon it. "A man who took a bent for a sail upon the Hudson, and never came home; a gentleman, remember, in gentleman's clothes. Find such a man, and you see the advertisement, and obtain the reward."

The man looked at her again.

"You mean" he queried.

"I mean that the dead bodies you drag out of the river and from the wharves, and that you can hear nothing, remember, upon the subject, and that henceforth in any one's pocket, and no clean in the reward."

"Nothing worse than that?" said the man.

"No worse answered."

"Nothing worse."

"What is your answer," said the man, "if the person is alive?"

"If he is dead—drowned already. I want him found," said the lady. "I offer a reward; you can find him. Will you undertake it? Yes or no?"

"Not much," said the man. "But, look here, what is it worth to you?"

"A good deal," said the lady.

"Then it is worth a thousand dollars," said the man. "I could show you more, I know, than a thousand, and those bits of gold and diamond, and I'll be a good deep cheat. Give me what you say, I won't do it, and I won't keep the money."

"A thousand dollars," said the lady, "if you if that reward is offered you'll be faithful—you'll be trustworthy?"

"I told you I liked money," said the man, and I can't well tell you in any other way. I'll be the gentleman and get the reward, I'll do what I have always thought of in the profession of my way. Where shall I come?"

"Call on it in the room—to-morrow," said the lady; "and if you find the person described, you will call at the address given. If he is dead and above board, and there is no risk for any one, and I shall call the tenancy to be known."

Then, leaving them glittering upon the table, the money beside them, she slipped out of the room and left Peter Plumb in a state of utter bewilderment, staring at the door.

"It's a queer fledge," he muttered, "and I don't know what to make of it. But there's much risk for me, and I'll try it. I've taken things off of dead men's fingers before, and I never put one on. There's money mixed up with is somehow of——. Well, well, I don't not know, for this is likely to be the best story of luck I've ever had."

And then saying, Peter Plumb lit his pipe, and put a gang of liquor on his nostrils and over the day, trying to find in his cobwebs a solution of the mystery, and finding none either there or elsewhere.

CHAPTER IV.

A MISSING MAN.

The next day the readers of the first morning—now in the columns this advertisement, printed in a manner calculated to attract attention, and headed with the, in itself, attractive words, a CURIOUSLY MISSING GENTLEMAN.

The notice meant is offered to any person, or persons, who will give information of Mr. Albert Burleigh, who left the residence of his mother-in-law with the avowed intention of taking a boat upon the Hudson. He is, we think, and has since every week a thousand pounds and an open ring; and any person a handkerchief marked with his name in full, and a pin with a diamond in it, will be considered to be his property. And those knowing of his movements will please to write to Mr. ——, Jerome Burleigh, 9, immediately communicate with her at No. ——— street.

Below read this curiously. Some with a sigh and a "oh, New York is a bad place for strangers." Some said, laughingly, "ah, I wish I knew where the man had his! himself. Pit packed the thousand dollars." And others gloomily thanked heaven that they were sitting at their breakfast tables that morning instead of being at the bottom of the river or packed in pieces in a box.

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She had just finished when her husband came in in his dressing-gown and slippers—trimmer than usual, with a warm shine—and, lightly pulled her brown curls as they lay tossed over the velvet of the easy-chair.

But Mrs. Kestrel did not laugh. She looked up at him with grave eyes.

"Eugene Burleigh is missing," she said.

"What do you mean, my dear?" asked the lawyer.

A gleam of answer his wife put the paper into his hand, pointing to the paragraph alluded to.

Mr. Kestrel read it.

"Probably he has started on some hunt with the fishing world, and no Christmas to-morrow in-law," he said. "As for being a stranger in the city, a five years' absence will hardly make a gay young fellow like Albert Burleigh that, I fancy. I envy some of his money from Europe a week ago. I saw him driving down Broadway with a lady. I shouldn't wonder if he was married. A cup of coffee, Dolly."

"Dear me, how regardful of me," said the lawyer's wife, thanking, as she filled the cup, with a little courtesy. "I think I've found the fact married, my dear."

"Do you mean to say?" said Mr. Kestrel.

Only for dear Mrs. Burleigh's sake I feel sorry," said the lady. "Albert is alive well, and, for all I know, he may be on his way to cut poor Agnes out of the inheritance. You're not thinking of Albert should die unmarried it would come to her and Belle Eugene."

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Kestrel. "But, my dear, don't kill Albert so readily. He probably is not dead."

"Oh, I'm sure I hope so," said Mrs. Kestrel. "But still, if anything has happened, I can't help saying I hope and trust that also who has been most wrongful to Agnes and her mother, and whose husband, I'm sure, did not deserve to be treated as he was by his father-in-law, will have the property. I've seen her cry so many times over poor Agnes's unhappy lot, every quarter before it is drawn; and many a time have I heard her say that if she had a child she has called for you and you were out. It would be a shame if she were robbed, though, of course, I hope poor Mr. Burleigh is alive. All I say is, I hope he is, and I think a knight will be with him."

And then there came a tap at the door of the dining-room, and the little black servant girl stood in her neat head and white apron, which clutched fast a letter.

"Please, mistress, missis, mass," she said, and I found this under the carpet. Now have I done right, I said to myself?"

Mrs. Kestrel took the letter.

"Indeed you have done well," said. "I hope it is for me inscribed."

Then, as he cut the envelope carefully and drew forth the letter, he cried:

"From Albert Burleigh, I declare."

And Mrs. Kestrel and the servant shoulder to to read:

"DEAR ESTREL:—to the manor real—Hen I am, since a few years' absence, back in New York from Europe. I am sorry to find that my mother-in-law is not at home. A New Yorker always loses his native feelings, and I am sorry to find that I have lost mine either after all my roving. I shall be at your office about the time you receive this, and I shall be pleased if I shall take a little evening up our business matters—to talk to you about making my will. I'm a man that was now, so you may perhaps guess; and I must make it at right for my wife and her little boy. Of course, I shall be home. Of course, I shall have Eugene's boy quite out of its question, and I shall be glad to see you and your charming wife. I'm writing back of that, and I'm sure I shall have Mrs. Eugene to my dining. My respects to Mrs. Kestrel. You were to be married when I left. Hope it is all right. Expect me at eleven on Thursday.

"Yours, ALBERT BURLEIGH."

"I would age, Dolly. Thursday was a week ago," said Mr. Kestrel, "and, dear, alas, Albert Burleigh is a wild young fellow, but I never knew him to fail in keeping an appointment. I believe something serious has really happened."

"And he is not dead—drowned already. I want him found," said the lady. "I offer a reward; you will find him. Will you undertake it? Yes or no?"

"Not much," said the man. "But, look here, what is it worth to you?"

"A good deal," said the lady.

"Then it is worth a thousand dollars," said the man. "I could show you more, I know, than a thousand, and those bits of gold and diamond, and I'll be a good deep cheat. Give me what you say, I won't do it, and I won't keep the money."

"A thousand dollars," said the lady, "if you if that reward is offered you'll be faithful—you'll be trustworthy?"

"I told you I liked money," said the man, and I can't well tell you in any other way. I'll be the gentleman and get the reward, I'll do what I have always thought of in the profession of my way. Where shall I come?"

"Call on it in the room—to-morrow," said the lady; "and if you find the person described, you will call at the address given. If he is dead and above board, and there is no risk for any one, and I shall call the tenancy to be known."

Then, leaving them glittering upon the table, the money beside them, she slipped out of the room and left Peter Plumb in a state of utter bewilderment, staring at the door.

"It's a queer fledge," he muttered. "and I don't know what to make of it. But there's much risk for me, and I'll try it. I've taken things off of dead men's fingers before, and I never put one on. There's money mixed up with is somehow of——. Well, well, I don't not know, for this is likely to be the best story of luck I've ever had."

And then saying, Peter Plumb lit his pipe, and put a gang of liquor on his nostrils and over the day, trying to find in his cobwebs a solution of the mystery, and finding none either there or elsewhere.

CHAPTER IV.

A MISSING MAN.

The next day the readers of the first morning—now in the columns this advertisement, printed in a manner calculated to attract attention, and headed with the, in itself, attractive words,

A CURIOUSLY MISSING GENTLEMAN.

The notice meant is offered to any person, or persons, who will give information of Mr. Albert Burleigh, who left the residence of his mother-in-law with the avowed intention of taking a boat upon the Hudson. He is, we think, and has since every week a thousand pounds and an open ring; and any person a handkerchief marked with his name in full, and a pin with a diamond in it, will be considered to be his property. And those knowing of his movements will please to write to Mr. ——, Jerome Burleigh, 9, immediately communicate with her at No. ——— street.

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and, with a pang, she thought that only those fleeting seconds lay between herself and the sacrifice she was about to complete.

Her brain seemed reeling, but she recovered herself with an effort when she heard steps approaching her room. Opal knew who was coming, and she called up a smile to welcome the bridegroom, at whose approach she felt as if every drop of blood in her veins was turning to ice.

Fenton, looking magnificently handsome, and radiant with triumph, came in, preceded by his mother and Mrs. Hastings. He went up to his bride, took her hand in his, and tenderly said:

"It is time for us to go down, Opal. Do not tremble so, my frightened dove. The ordeal will soon be over; and getting married isn't such a frightful thing after all. I have conquered all my tremors, and you will smile at yours presently."

Mrs. Markland kissed her, and her mother anxiously regarded her as she said:

"You are too pale, Opal. Let me put the faintest tinge of rouge upon your cheeks; it will be wonderfully becoming."

Opal mutely shook her head; but Fenton looked at her and said:

"You will not be whiter when you are dead, Opal. Let your mother do as she wishes, or people may say that you go the altar as a sacrifice. I know better, of course; but we need give no food to the gossips that can be helped."

"As you please, Godfrey," came from her lips with an effort; and Mrs. Hastings dextrously applied a small piece of pink wool she took from her pocket to the pallid cheeks, imparting a pale rose tint which took from her face its look of white lifelessness.

Opal took the offered arm of Fenton, listened mechanically to the tender words he whispered in her ear, and moved toward the door, near which his groomsman, Edward Wallis, was awaiting their appearance.

The bridal party paused a few moments in the upper hall to allow the two elder ladies to descend before them, and then wound down the wide staircase, preceded by Jenny and another little girl, bearing wax candles in their hands.

Not more than fifty persons had assembled to witness the marriage, who were mostly connexions of the two families. The large drawing-room still had sufficient space left to permit the handsome couple to be seen to the best advantage.

The Episcopal clergyman from Natchez, in his gown and bands, stood ready to receive them, and long as the ceremony was, it seemed to Opal that scarcely a moment of time had elapsed before she heard herself pronounced the wife of Godfrey Fenton. She had mechanically made the responses, though at the moment she had scarcely more comprehension of the words she uttered than if they had been spoken in Hebrew.

When it was over, her father took her in his arms, kissed and blessed her, and then resigned her to the congratulations of those who were eagerly pressing around her.

During the next half hour there was a perfect Babel of tongues, and Opal recovered her self-possession sufficiently to return smiles and gracious replies to those who offered good wishes for her future happiness and prosperity.

Among the assembled company were many young people, and when the band struck up a gay dancing tune, sets for cotillions were formed in the wide hall. Fenton led his bride to the head of one of these, with Dora and Wallis for their *vis-à-vis*.

Waltzing followed; and at eleven the supper room was thrown open, revealing an exquisitely adorned table, loaded with every delicacy that could tempt the appetite.

The guests gathered round it, and did ample justice to the feast provided for them. The health of the newly-married couple was drank in bumpers of sparkling champagne, and more than one present noticed that the groom took glass after glass with every one who offered to drink with him.

Before the supper was over, Fenton began to feel the fumes of the wine mounting to his brain; but he had already learned to love its exhilarating effects too well to refrain, even at such a time as this. Opal was beginning to recover from the chilling dread that had almost frozen the springs of life at their source, when her composure was almost put to flight by overhearing some one ask:

"Where is Guy Denham? How happens it that neither he nor Mrs. Langley are here tonight? Such near connexions of Fenton's I thought would be sure to be present."

"Hush!" replied a warning voice, lowered to a confidential tone; but through the laughter and noise around her Opal distinctly heard every word. "Don't you know that poor Guy is melancholy mad because he has been rivalled? As I came here I met him riding through the woods like one demented. I stopped him and asked him if he was not coming to the wedding, and he scowled at me as if he were ready to fly at me and take my life; but with his usual good breeding, he soon recollected himself, and said that his sister had company at Ashwood which would detain her at home, and he therefore declined attending also. When we parted, I looked back after him and saw that he had put his horse to full speed again, and I understood the feelings that were surging in his soul. It is a pity for him, for Guy is a noble fellow; but the fair Opal has made what her parents consider a more brilliant match than Denham would have been."

"I do not know why. If justice had been done by Mrs. Markland, her son would have been no better off than Guy; not so well off, in fact, for he has lately had some money left him."

"I know. But this marriage has been a settled thing so long that Denham was a fool to set his heart on a girl who was beyond his reach. It's a serious thing with him, I tell you; for——"

At that moment a move was made to leave the table; the music swept in joyous strains through the air, and Opal, feeling faint and sick at heart, was taken back to the drawing-room. She declined dancing again, and sat down on a sofa, trying to put from her the memory of what she had overheard.

Fenton left her there, saying that he would join the dancers; but he really wished to go out into the night air to dissipate the effects of the unusual quantity of wine he had drunk. His head was becoming unsteady, and he was beginning to awake fully to the disgrace it would be to him to become intoxicated on the evening of his marriage.

He went on the back gallery and plunged his head into a basin of cold water. He asked for a goblet of milk, and after drinking it felt less giddy. Thinking that a turn in the shrubbery would quite restore to him the use of his faculties, Fenton made his way around the house and moved bare-headed down the carriage drive.

Feeling much better for his *al fresco* promenade, he turned to retrace his steps. He, too, had heard that company at Ashwood detained Mrs. Langley at home, and he well knew who was there. What bitter anguish was flooding one trusting heart while *he* was pledging his faith to his lately wedded bride. Now that it was too late, he bitterly repented of what he had done. He would gladly have gone to Inez had it been possible to do so; but a wall of adamant had arisen between them, built up by his own reckless hands, and he must make the best of the fate he himself had courted.

Fenton had moved forward but a few yards when the heavens seemed suddenly to open and its lightnings to strike him through the heart. From a clump of evergreens that stood on one side of the road a pistol was discharged within a few feet of his breast. Three shots were fired in rapid succession, as if the murderer was resolved to make sure of the victim, and Fenton fell forward on his face without uttering a single cry.

There was a rush of many feet toward the spot on which he lay, for a crowd of gentlemen were on the portico and heard the shots. Cries of rage and terror were heard when they reached the fallen man, followed by that dread stillness which falls on all when the worst is known. The gay bridegroom was found lying on the sward, his embroidered vest covered with blood that welled from his breast, and those who looked upon his face knew that the solemn seal of death was upon it.

Life was already extinct, and swift and sure had been his doom. He must have passed into eternity almost before he realized his own danger.

The shrubbery was eagerly searched, and a pistol, which had been recently discharged, was found upon the grass within a few feet of the murdered man.

Wallis picked it up and held it to the light, and, with white terror in his face, he cried out:

"Good God! it is Guy Denham's pistol! He must have done this dastardly deed. Search the grounds; find the murderer and secure him. I offer a reward of five hundred dollars for his apprehension. I will head the pursuit myself, for I had rather do that than face the scene in yonder when poor Godfrey is carried in."

There was eager mounting on horseback, and an excited cavalcade set forward to scour the grounds, and, if necessary, seek Guy Denham at Ashwood, for that he was the criminal all seemed to agree.

The ladies, in extreme alarm, had gathered on the portico to ascertain what had happened; and foremost among them was the mother and bride of Fenton, both anxious and trembling, but apprehensive of no danger to him.

Mr. Hastings came toward the house with his white hair flying wildly back from his brow, and his face pale with horror. He caught sight of his daughter, and, making his way to her, placed his arm around her, and at the same time drawing Mrs. Markland from the group, he huskily said:

"Come away with me. Something dreadful has happened, and you must get into the house before you hear it."

Mrs. Markland instantly took the alarm, and cried out:

"My son—my son! Those shots were fired at him, and they have wounded him, or you would not wish to remove Opal and myself. Oh! what is it? What dreadful woe has come to me?"

She evaded his attempts to arrest her steps, and rushing into the yard ran toward those who by this time were approaching the house with their sad burden.

The shrill, despairing cry with which the unhappy mother cast herself upon the bosom of her murdered son proved to Opal that something terrible had occurred, and she sunk fainting on the breast of her father.

Opal was removed at once to her own room, where we will leave her to learn the sad truth that she was a widowed bride, and return to the wild scene of tumult below stairs.

The body of Fenton was brought into the hall and placed upon a sofa. His mother, repressing the cries of anguish that arose to her lips, knelt beside him, and with her trembling hands laid bare the breast in which three small purple spots were seen just over the heart. From these the ensanguined tide continued still to flow, though his face had already settled into the rigidity of death.

A young physician, who happened to be one of the company, approached and felt for his pulse. He shook his head ominously, and whispered a few words to some ladies standing near him. Mrs. Markland looked up with an expression of stony bewilderment in her eyes, and sharply asked:

"Why don't you speak so that I can hear you, Dr. Manton? Can nothing be done to bring back life? He isn't dead—he can't be dead, who so lately was so full of life."

Her two daughters were crying aloud and wringing their hands in helpless anguish, and she turned angrily toward them and said:

"Hush—hush! That noise will disturb your brother, and there is no reason why you should give way so. Godfrey will soon come round again; is it not so, Dr. Manton?"

Thus appealed to, the physician, with a look of deep compassion, replied:

"I fear that nothing will ever again disturb him. It is useless to attempt to restore him, Mrs. Markland. Your son is dead."

She looked at him a few seconds as if she could not understand him; but then the dread meaning of his words came to her stunned senses, and she repeated in a dull tone:

"Dead—*dead!* The pride of my life gone down to the dust in the bloom of his early manhood."

Then her voice suddenly arose to a wild, frenzied cry, and she exclaimed:

"Who has done this cruel thing? Who hated my boy to that degree that his life was made the forfeit? I did not know he had an enemy on earth, yet he has fallen in his youth by the hand of an assassin."

All present shrank from telling her who was the suspected murderer; for his near connexion with her remaining children must give a new blow to her heart.

But while Mrs. Markland paused for a reply to her agonized question, and whispered words were exchanged among the bystanders, the bustle of an arrival was heard, and Guy Denham, pallid as a ghost and looking fearfully excited, came in. He was guarded on either side by those who had found him walking his jaded horse through the woodland that lay around the home of his sister, and seized on him as the murderer of Fenton.

He moved steadily forward till he came to the side of the corpse, and looking down upon it with mingled pity and reverence, he stretched forth his hand above it and solemnly said:

"I am accused of having taken the life of this man, and circumstantial evidence is so strong against me that I scarcely hope to escape the stigma, at least, of the crime. But as God is my judge, I am innocent, and I call on his holy angels to bear witness to the truth of my asseverations."

Mrs. Markland arose and stood facing him. All that was noble in her nature came to the surface in that trying moment, and she felt within her soul the conviction that he spoke the truth.

She took in her own the hand Denham still held over her dead son, and sadly said:

"I believe that you have spoken the truth, Guy. You did not love my boy, but you are incapable of committing a crime like this. You would never have given so bitter a sorrow to her who has stood in the place of a mother to you."

Denham placed his arm tenderly around her shaking form, and earnestly said:

"You do me but justice, Aunt Gertrude. I had no hand in this, nor have I the faintest suspicion of who the real criminal is. Let me conduct you to a private room, for this is no place for you."

Mrs. Markland released herself from him with a sudden cry, and throwing herself forward, passionately kissed the lips and brow of her dead son, and then submitted to be led away, followed by her weeping daughters.

Denham came back in a few moments, and while the body of Fenton was removed to a chamber to be prepared for the grave, he went into the library with Mr. Hastings and a few other gentlemen who wished to hear such defence as he could make against the charge that had been made against him.

Denham was there shown the pistol which had been picked up on the lawn, and recognized it, as the others had done, as his own. It was mounted with silver, and had his initials on the handle. He said:

"I have not had this weapon in my possession for several months. Last autumn, you may remember, Mr. Hastings, we practised target shooting on the lawn, and this pistol was loaned to your daughter because it was light and easily managed. I have never had it in my possession since, though how it came into the hands of the murderer I cannot imagine. I shall of course go in town at as early an hour to-morrow morning as possible, and let such investigations as are necessary be made. I will not shrink from the ordeal, though it may brand me with a crime which I hope those who know me believe me to be incapable of committing."

Mr. Hastings appeared to be dreadfully agitated. His face worked with emotion, and for several moments he was unable to speak. He at length hoarsely said:

"I remember the target shooting, and the loan of the pistol to Opal. I have seen it lying in yonder window all the winter, but neglected to return it to you. I believe you to be as innocent of this fearful deed as I myself am, Guy Denham, and I will stand by you to the last. No one shall condemn you while I have the power to prevent it."

Denham grasped his hand and gratefully replied:

"Thank you, sir—thank you, for so cordially bearing witness for me. Since I know that you believe me innocent, I shall better be able to bear this cruel accusation; but I feel that until the murderer is found, let the award of justice be what it may, the world will still suspect me as the guilty one. I must bear that as well as I can, yet it is hard to endure the odium of such a deed as this."

"Hard—hard, indeed," muttered Mr. Hastings in a half dazed way; and he hurried from the room, found the side-board, and hastily swallowed a bumper of brandy nearly undiluted. He then shut himself up in a room alone, and would admit no one to his presence.

The hours spent there silvered his hair to the whiteness of snow, and printed lines upon his face that made him look twenty years older than on the previous day. It was to him a far more awful vigil than that one beside what he believed to be the death-bed of Nina, and in the anguish of his soul he cursed the hour that had brought her beneath his roof.

He knew whose hand had struck this blow, yet he would not expose her. He dared not ask himself by what means she had accomplished her threatened vengeance, but that she alone had laid this young life low he felt assured.

The horror-stricken guests departed for their homes, and the house so lately the scene of festivity was left to death and sorrow.

Mrs. Markland mourned as Rachel for her children that were not, and Mrs. Hastings was in her chamber in violent hysterics, while Opal lay in the one above it under the influence of a powerful narcotic which it had been thought advisable to administer to her soon after she revived from the state of insensibility into which the shock of Fenton's awful death had thrown her.

Guy Denham gave his parole to appear before a magistrate in Natchez, by ten o'clock on the following morning, and he was permitted to return to Ashwood accompanied by two of the gentlemen who had arrested him.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

TWO SUITORS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I don't see what can have become of the child," said Mrs. Wallace, looking anxiously up and down the sunshiny road, "it's near five o'clock, and she told me she'd surely be home by that time."

"Which way did she go?" asked honest Lemuel Barkley.

"Well, she was going only to 'Squire Martin's. Melinda Martin has got company from the city, and it's only natural Amy should like a little variety."

"Only natural, to be sure," assented Lemuel, with a choking sensation in his throat, as he remembered the perfumed and fashionably-attired young man who had made 'Squire Martin's big square pew such an object of attraction the last two Sundays, and remembered how odd, and homespun, and clumsy *he* must appear by the side of this city exquisite.

"Suppose I go as far as the bars in the big sheep-pasture by the woods to meet her?" he proposed.

Mrs. Wallace looked relieved.

"I wish you would, Lemuel. I don't, somehow, feel easy about her comin' all that way back by herself, and may be 'Squire Martin's folks won't think to send any one home with her."

Lemuel Barkley had his own thoughts about that matter, but he kept them to himself, and strode away down the lawn—his hands in his pockets, and his eye fixed moodily on the red and yellow leaves that scudded along the ground at his feet, like troops of brilliantly-dressed little ballet-dancers.

It was not until he reached the bars, close on the edge of the woods, that his searching eyes caught a glimpse of Amy Wallace's blue merino dress and coquettish tasseled hood. Nor was it alone; for 'Squire Martin's gay city guest walked alongside of the fair little damsel,—Lemuel could see that quite plainly,—nor did they either of them notice him, although his one figure, coming up the narrow foot-path, must have been sufficiently distinct to eyes not already preoccupied.

"Amy!"

He did not speak until he was quite close to her.

She started a little.

"Oh, Lemuel! is it you? How on earth came you here?"

"Where you are not wanted!"

She had not added the last five words, yet poor Lemuel understood them quite distinctly in the cadence of her tone.

"Your mother felt uneasy, Amy, and sent me to meet you and bring you home."

"Thank you—I have company. Mr. Barkley, let me introduce you to Major Telfair."

Major Telfair touched his hat in a debonnaire style. Lemuel nodded stiffly.

"Pray don't trouble yourself," said the major, "I will see Miss Wallace safe home."

Honest Lemuel felt that he had received his *congé* quite decidedly, and yet he lingered, half-hoping that Amy would give him some word or glance or mute, voiceless sign that she appreciated his presence and his devotion. But Amy looked resolutely the other way; and Lemuel, strolling along a few yards in the rear, with his hands in his pockets and his feet idly kicking the drifts of autumn-leaves, wondered how on earth he had been such a fool as to come after Amy; how she could possibly fancy such a mustached and scented puppy, who scarcely reached to *his* stalwart shoulders; and how it was that men, generation after generation, would pine after girls who didn't care the snap of their fingers for 'em.

But it takes a great deal of tacit argument to convince a man that he isn't wanted; and, in spite of all his philosophy, the next evening saw Mr. Lemuel Barkley striding up the little path to Mrs. Wallace's door, with a huge bag on his shoulders!

Could he but have been an invisible witness to all that was just then going on in the "best room," where a fire had been kindled and the green shades rolled up!

"You will wear the ring, Amy, just to remember me," said Major Telfair. "I am going away to-morrow, and I would fain keep a place in your heart."

Amy glanced shyly down at the turquoise ring that had just been slipped on to her finger by the major's deft hand. She was half-disappointed, half-pleased; somehow, she had expected a little more,—but then, perhaps, that *more* might still come.

"I am afraid you will forget all about me when you have returned to the city," she said, still keeping her eyes on the pretty blue stone.

"Forget *you*, Amy? as if——"

Hump! thump! thump! came a determined knock on the door without. Amy opened it, biting her lip with secret annoyance.

"It's only me, Amy," said honest Lemuel, stumbling over his grammar and the door-stone with one accord. "I've brought you a bag of butternuts from the old tree back o' the well—don't you remember, you always thought those butternuts were bigger and sweeter than——"

But Amy cut her sylvan adorer short.

"How provoking you are, Lemuel! as if I cared for the old butternuts. I was a child then. Perhaps grandmother may like them—you had better carry them 'round to the back-door, or give them to the pigs or something!"

And she shut the door in Lemuel's face. He could hear the major's derisive laugh as it swung to, and he had seen the little blue stone on Amy's finger. That was enough.

Lemuel carried the bag of butternuts back to the barn at home, and, sitting there with his forehead pressed close to the huge beams and fragrant tresses of clover-hay touching his forehead, he shed the bitterest tears of his whole life.

"I may as well give it up," thought Lemuel, "she don't care for me—no, never did. I'll go out to Ohio, with Uncle John, and try farming there; I can't stay in *this* place."

And the next morning's stage bore away *both* Amy Wallace's devoted swains, glaring indirectly at one another from their opposite seats. And Amy, watching them from her door-step, gave no sigh of regret to the lover who had grown up at her side, but thought only of

"The gay cavalier,
Who loved, and who rode away."

"I think he would have proposed to me last night if that clumsy fellow hadn't tumbled into the room with his bag of butternuts," thought Amy, shading her eyes from the mellow November sunlight with one plump hand. "However, he will write to me—yes, he will certainly write."

But Major Telfair did *not* write, and poor Amy's daily journeys to the post-office were utterly in vain.

So the golden Indian-summer died out upon the hills, and the snow and the bitter winds came, and with them came trials and tribulation to the Wallace family. Nehemiah Wallace died, and his wife lost the use of her hands, and 'Squire Martin foreclosed the old mortgage which had been so long hanging over their heads; and it became sadly, sorely necessary that Amy should do something to maintain herself and her mother.

"I cannot teach—I don't know enough," sighed the poor, forlorn child, "and, mother, I should be ashamed to go out to service here where I've always held up my head with the best of them. Mother, what can I do to earn a little money?"

"There's Sabrina Hayes works on a sewing-machine, and makes her dollar a day," suggested the helpless widow.

"Yes; but we have not money to buy a machine."

"Widow Kopman makes shirts, but you never was quick at your needle, Amy."

"I know I am a poor useless creature, mother, but still it seems as if I might do *something*."

"Well, cheer up, child, don't cry—we'll think of the right thing yet. There's Clara Cooper tends store in New York—you might do that."

"Yes, I might do that," said Amy, brightening a little; "and perhaps Clara could help me to a situation. Any way I could get away from *here*."

And that was the way Amy Wallace left the country place, when people somehow looked more coldly on her since death and poverty had left their iron footmarks on her threshold, and became shop girl in Madame Latour's elegant little fancy store on Broadway. Clara Cooper told her she was fortunate in getting a situation there—and perhaps she was.

"It's your pretty face has done it, Amy," said Clara. "Madame likes good-looking shop-girls—it attracts custom, she says."

"A dollar and a half a week is very little to earn," meekly suggested Amy.

"O, you'll be sure to get more salary after awhile," said Clara. "Nobody expects to earn much at first."

And with that slender sum, and still more slender hope of promotion, Amy was forced to be contented.

"Miss Wallace! Is it possible that you are idling again? and all those ribbons to be arranged in the show-cases, and the remnants of insertion to be marked!"

Amy Wallace started from her reverie, with a guilty flush on her sunken cheek and a nervous flutter of the poor, worn little hands. Madame Latour could be soft-voiced and amiable enough when the gay fancy store was full of fashionably dressed customers, but it was vacant and solitary now, with the exception of the few pale shop-girls who were busied in its various departments, and the fat over-dressed proprietress, who was perched behind the glazed front of her cashier's desk, like a spider in its den.

"Don't be so clumsy!" snapped Madame Latour, as poor Amy, in her haste, lurched a box of gloves from the counter. "I don't know what is the matter with you, lately, Miss Wallace—you do not half earn your dollar and a half a week!"

The matter! if Amy could only have told Madame Latour of the clamorous landlord and unpaid grocer and fireless hearth at home. But she only sighed, and went on with her work, arranging the ribbons so that the level November sunshine should not fade them.

For it was just a year since Major Telfair had placed the little turquoise ring on her finger, and she had rejected Lemuel Barkley's bag of butternuts. Oh, if she could only look into Lemuel's honest eyes once more! Poor Amy! she had, at last, learned the value of a friend.

Suddenly she started—was she dreaming? No, it was really and veritably Major Telfair's gay, smoothly-toned voice; and Madame Latour's at the same time saying, in a hurried *sotto voce:* "Miss Wallace, *will* you be so good as to attend to your business?"

"White gloves—Number six and a half."

"Nonsense, Major," lisped his pretty companion, whom Amy recognized as an heiress of considerable fashion, who frequently patronized Madame Latour and never seemed to have any consideration for her shop-girls.

"But I insist upon it," said the gallant Major. "*I* tore off the button, and I wish to see your toilette as perfect as it was before. Here, you glove-girl—six and a half."

As Amy laid the required package on the counter, the turquoise ring upon her hand—a curious ornament, fashioned like a gold serpent, with the stone in his mouth—caught the Major's eye. He started, colored a little, and, looking up, met Amy's pleading, wistful eye. They recognized one another.

"Will he speak?" thought Amy, with her pulses throbbing. But Major Telfair looked her full in the face, as he might have eyed the glass show-window behind her. It was all very nice to have a snug flirtation with a pretty country girl, but when it came to owning acquaintanceship with a young woman who "tended store," and in Miss Flora Goldie's presence, too—that was altogether another thing. Major Telfair wasn't to be caught in any such trap.

He paid for the gloves, received his change, and sauntered out of the store, carrying Miss Goldie's pink parasol.

"That glove-girl was very pretty," said Flora, before they had left the store.

"Was she? Never noticed her," said the Major; and Amy bit her lips to hide the contemptuous smile that wreathed them.

The day crept on—it was growing twilight, and Madame Latour had just issued orders to light up the three chandeliers, when another customer strode in.

"Number nine and a half kid gloves, if you please."

And Lemuel Barkley rested his huge elbows on the counter, looking admiringly down at the pretty things it contained.

"We do not keep gentlemen's gloves."

How Lemuel started as the soft, subdued voice fell on his ear; he strained his eyes into the dusk, eagerly.

"Excuse me, Miss, but you speak exactly like a girl I once knew at——"

Suddenly the gas-lights flashed upon the counters, illuminating both the glove-girl and her customer.

"Amy! It *is* Amy! I thought it was!"

"Oh, Lemuel, Lemuel! how long it seems since I have seen you!"

She did not cry—but there were tears in her voice. Lemuel squeezed both her hands in his iron grasp until the pressure was absolutely painful.

"Amy, you don't know how glad I am to see you! you can't tell——"

But here Madame Latour's smooth, aggravating voice broke in upon the young man's strong deep tones.

"We don't allow visitors during store hours, Miss Wallace—you will attend to your business."

"You'll please attend to your own, you old cat!" roared Lemuel, so decidedly that Madame Latour instinctively retreated. "Miss Wallace is under *my* protection now, and if you don't like it you may just do the other thing!"

"Miss Wallace," said the proprietress, with some acrimony, "you'll please consider yourself dismissed!"

Lemuel instantly drew Amy's arm under his own.

"Come, Amy," he said, gently; "*I'll* take care of you now. Don't cry, little one," for she was weeping abundantly as they went out into the lamp-lighted dusk of the great city; "your place isn't at the beck and call of such an old she-dragon as that!"

"But, Lemuel, mother and I—we shall starve."

"Look here, Amy," said the young giant, stopping in the midst of Broadway—"Fortune has favored me since I cut loose from the old homestead at Woodham. I've enough to keep myself and a wife beside—and if your mother will accept a home at my hands, I'll be proud to offer it to her. Say, Amy—will you come out to Ohio and be a farmer's wife?"

And Amy said *yes*, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry, in the fullness of her glad heart.

So Lemuel Barkley went home with the discharged shop-girl, and told Widow Wallace of the big farm-house out in Ohio, with its dairy and its fruit-orchards, and the well, overhung by huge butternut trees——

"Butternut trees!" echoed Amy, who sat smiling and blushing within the circling pressure of his arm. "Oh, Lemuel, do you remember the bag of butternuts?"

"*Don't* I!" responded Barkley, with a laugh that it would have done your heart good to hear. "That bag of butternuts was the making of me, Amy; if it hadn't been for that, I should have stayed in Woodham, and have been a poor man to this hour."

"Oh, but Lemuel, I was very unkind to you!"

"Well, puss, we've got a life-time before us to make it up in!"

And Amy's tearful eyes told him that she and her life and her heart were *all* his, from that moment thenceforward!

TO AN ENVIOUS MAN.

By your contracted brow, you're known—
Your evil glance—your sallow hue;
In heart, you envy every one—
But no one envies you.

THE SAILOR AND THE ACTRESS.

"When I was a poor girl," said the duchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, a pretty little affecting drama; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, "Then I have no hope, I have not a friend in the world." "What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?" asks the stern creditor. "I have told you I have not a friend on earth," was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery, springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and foot-lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. "Yes, you shall have *one* friend, at least, my poor young woman," said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sunburnt countenance. "I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you, (turning to the frightened actor,) if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows." Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery; preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra; and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, "the poor, distressed young woman," and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager's pretending to arrive and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank notes.

—The forms of good-breeding have been properly compared to the cotton and other soft materials placed between china vases, to prevent their being broken by collision.

ENOUGH SAID.—"She was always busy and always quiet," was written on the tomb-stone of a lady.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

BY CALEB DUNN.

In a little grove of shade-trees
Stands the farm-house, brown and old,
With a wealth of vines around it
Scented with flowers of red and gold.
By the path which makes a circle
Round the cottage-door and gate,
Grow sweet lavender and thyme,
Rosy as a June day-cloud.

Round its doors pale morning-glories,
Pinks and pansies, white and pink,
Climb—concentrated beauty
Married by a thousand hues!
Little elves, the work of Nature's
Mystery of handicraft!
Lambs at play, their white fairy
Argosies of perfume waft.

And the gate that swings before it,
And the insect as white as snow,
Stand as variegated emblems
Which the modest sun agrees
To wear on his robe of azure—
Voices, purple, green and blue—
As if rainbows there had fallen,
Nothing here have died.

On its roof the greenest mosses
Catch the slightest hue to tinge;
On its sides not honeysuckles
Make their carols to the breeze;
And the over nervous willows
Standing near the garden's bound,
Throw a web of shade-imitation
On the flower-clad ground.

O'er the well an arch of grape-vines,
Where the cooling waters run,
Chains the fragrance to the water,
Making cool the summer air;
And a vast green-robed mountain
Piercing through a tower of azure—
In a rosy-and-sunset refuge,
Where the wren her nest weaves.

All around is perfect music,
Crowned with fairy from above,
On warm nights, from their hidden
Forest-sheltering nests of love,
Mingling with the cricket's chirping,
Summer's rain and winter's snow,
But it stands as firm and perfect
As it stood in the "Long Ago!"

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

NO. XXII.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY," ETC.

It was a dark and dubious prospect that lay before Philip Cummings and myself. But we put off to see which somewhere back on board the frigate.

At about one o'clock, as already stated in the preceding paper, the wind had freshened, and nearly after we took to the yawl it blew a perfect gale and stronger, but we apprehended no danger from that unless the wind should change to the east-ward. In that, we were broke over our heads occasionally, and still we had enough to bail to navigate in our new position, we swallowed a quantity of salt water that was far from being good.

I think an hour had passed away, and, during the last half of it, neither Philip nor myself had spoken a word. We had calculated as nearly as possible the direction of the African coast, and with all the strength we could command we put our attack on in that direction. But at the expiration of the hour, my strength began to fail me, and I knew that I had not much more power to pull against the strong current. The wind forced of the water was weakening, and I began to realize that there might be danger in extinguishing my physical energies. Turn for the one friend and shipmate, shortly had grown somewhat weak myself; but had there been a score of the very ruthless monsters in my wake, I could not have mustered the strength to use as I had been doing. At the same time, my courage began to waver. If did not really begin to fail me, but it grew weak and sickly during the hour, and I felt the spirit of resignation to steal over me. But I was not to be conquered yet. I was as determined to save myself as I ever was in my life, and I was equally determined that no man should be sacrificed to myself.

Philip, how is your courage?"

"Good," said he.

But his tone gave most positive denial to his assertion. I could tell very well that he was weaker than I was, by comparison to him.

"My courage is as good as yours, but I cannot resist the current much longer. My strength is giving out, and I don't believe it is policy for us to use all our strength in a cause that may be entirely useless; for I tell you candidly that I have my doubts about our success as we are sailing. The waves are running against the current, and we are just as likely to go in one force pointed towards Spain-land as in any other direction."

In a moment Philip stopped working with his hands, and then almost instantly I found that he was nigh exhausted.

"It's no use, Bach. I've tried to hold out, but I can't do it any longer. Would there be any danger in resting, and trying to bail with our jackets will hold us up."

There was but one source of danger, but Philip had not considered it, and so, quickly as I could, I made him aware of it. I found him nothing out to exhaustion, for his strength was gone, and he was ready to give up. I knew that we must be moved by another motive—by a motive which the reader knows full well. But, as Philip was the captain,—from having up on to sailing,—it struck me that even to avoid the sharks, I had not been pursuing the wisest course. The very efforts I had been putting forth to find and to avoid exhausted to attract the attention of the monsters, and I was forced to the conclusion that our best course, after all, would be to let the rush comparatively quiet until daylight; and so I said to my companion:

"The current must set to up the Straits," I said; "and I think as we approach Spain that it will set on in towards the shore. We can economize much movement or will and strength, and leave the rest to fate."

And so we floated on, keeping our right side to the current, and pulling gently ahead.

The hours passed on, and the night by day began to dawn. A dim tint of light appeared in the East, and we kept up the gloom on for the broken that we could see the coast. A brief while longer, and we could see white walls of many buildings reflecting the beams of the morning sun. We had floated close to the current of the Bay of Tangier, and after a little consultation we decided that we would land there, and, if possible, trusting that among some of the Moorish people we might find a friend. Philip and shelter and we could make some further arrangements for our chief hope being, of course, in hiring an American vessel, either going into the Mediterranean or coming out.

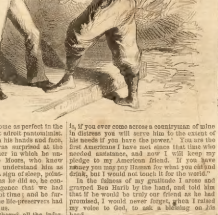
The day had fairly broken, and the first golden beams of the rising sun were touching the tops of the highest trees, when we saw a boat sailing towards us. It had put off from the shore west of the town, and was evidently a fisherman; and we made up our minds that we would attract the attention of those on board if we could; for we were very weak, and I was beginning to experience a sense of uneasiness about the lower part of my legs. The boat stood towards us until within half a mile, and then it kept away to the westward; but our kerchiefs, waving as high in the air as we could reach, were at length seen by the boatmen, and their craft was once more headed towards us.

It was a goodly-sized, substantial-looking boat, and contained four men, two of whom pulled to the oars, while the other two sat in the stern. The moment they saw us they hastened, upon their approach, we discovered that my companion safe upon the bottom-board of the boat, was to take him in charge of those who had picked us up, to discover, if possible, what manner of men they were.

They were Moors, of magnificent physiques, and really good-looking; they, like all of their class whom it was my fortune to see, they were sadly lacking in cleanliness. They were fishermen, as I had supposed, and from the preparations which about me, I was evident that they had started out upon a day's fishing. They manifested the utmost surprise upon discovering us, and as soon as we had got fairly seated, and had wiped the salt water from our faces, they began to pig us with questions. But they might as well have whistled for answers as talk to us in the strange gibberish that fell from their lips. A shook my head, and replied to them that I could not understand a word they said.

"Al—ah—o!" laughed one of them, upon which I nodded in the affirmative.

At this juncture Philip came in with a language which he could speak to perfection. Once by his tongue touched the old fisherman who was deaf and dumb, and by much inter-



course with him he had become so perfect to the Moorish tongue as the most educated person. He commenced talking with his hands and fists, and I was progressed, I was surprised at the clear and intelligible manner in which he expressed himself, and the fluency with which, in nothing before, seemed to understand him as well as I did. He told them our story, of our being taken each of his natives as he did so, he conveyed to them the intelligence that we had fallen overboard in the night time; and he further made them aware that the ship-of-war had been thrown overboard for us.

When all this had been imparted all the information that could be obtained in the way of questioning, Philip turned to me and said:

"I guess I had better tell them who we are, hadn't I?"

"There is no finishment at all about it, Bach. You are the leader, and you know it. If we are to have an extended cruise together, we may as well commence right. You are captain, and I am mate; and I'll serve you and stick by you; and I depend upon you following me when you just according to the station they think you fill."

I am free to confess that I felt a degree of pride in my commanding companion when I saw him gather himself and his head around for the declaration of his position. I had no desire of telling him who I was, for I had no desire of telling him who I was, for I had no desire of telling him who I was, for